

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 536 - VOL. XXI]

NEW YORK, JANUARY 6, 1866.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS \$1 00.]

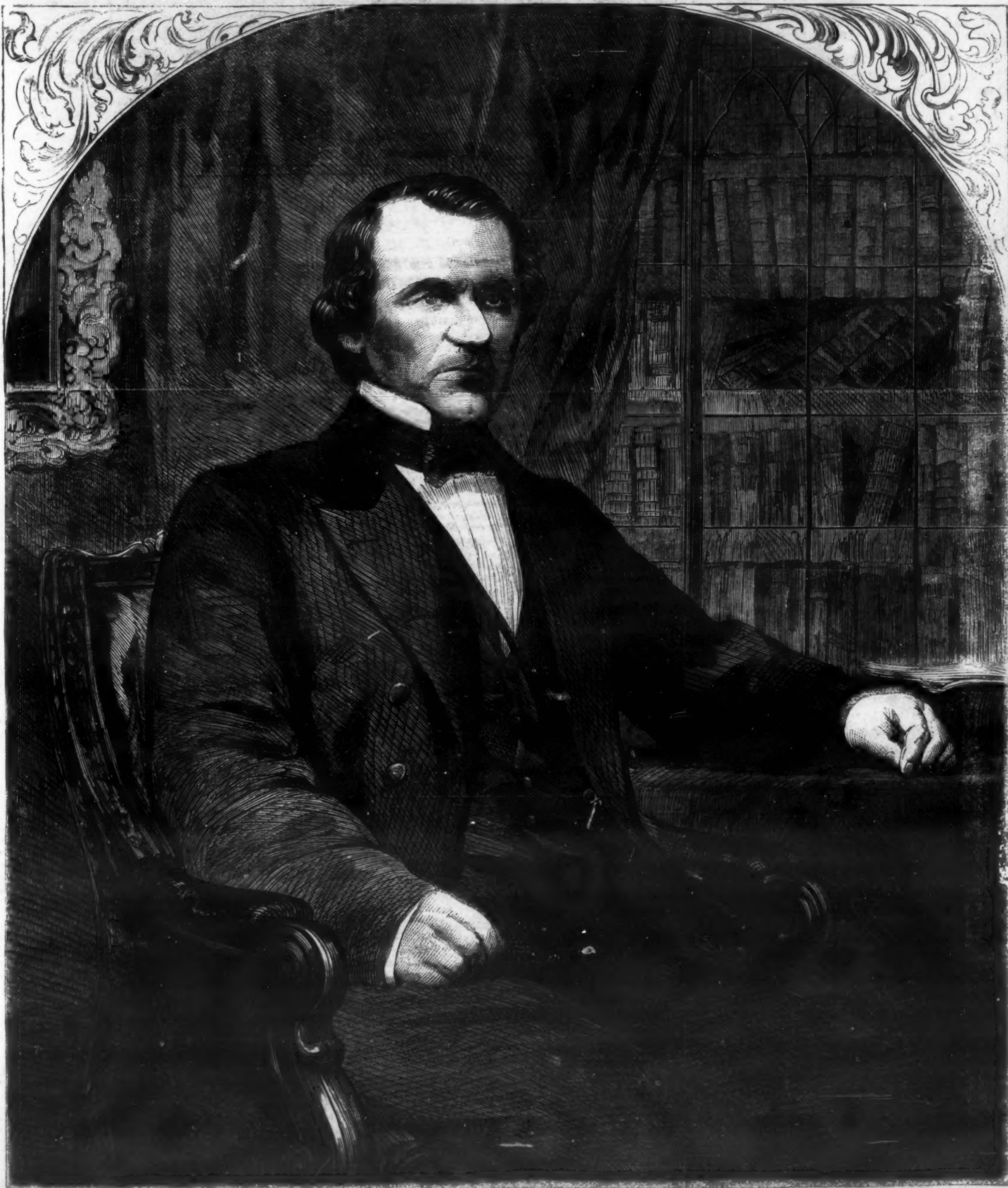
A Nation Redeemed.

HISTORY recounts but few events more momentous than that which is recorded in the cold

words of an official formula, in another part of this week's paper. We refer to the proclamation of the Secretary of State, announcing the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment

abolishing slavery for ever in all the States and Territories of the United States. Although anticipated for months, the consummation of this great act, nevertheless, sends a thrill to

every heart that beats responsive to the dictates of humanity or the teachings of religion. With it dies a system which our forefathers sought in vain to reconcile with republicanism, and



ANDREW JOHNSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

which, while it existed, was a constant source of discord and contention. It contaminated the fountains of public justice, and sought to pervert the teachings of the gospel. Socially it fostered licentiousness, and entailed on the community a hybrid race, with few of the virtues and most of the vices of the white and the black man. It made its supporters overbearing and cruel, inasmuch as it was founded on the assumption that might makes right. It debased labor, repressed literature, and repelled art. It brought vehemence, bluster, gasconade, the bludgeon and the bowie-knife into the halls of legislation. It encouraged extravagance, while it discouraged enterprise and mechanical industry. In every view, under every aspect, it was a curse as well as a disgrace. Let any one look over the volumes of our history, or recall the events of the last twenty years, and if there be a page he would wish to cancel, or an incident he would wish to forget, he will find that it was slavery which blotted the page or brought about the event at the recollection of which his cheek burns with shame. The extirpation of this great source of trouble and humiliation has been effected at terrible cost, but the price had to be paid sooner or later. Ten years hence the struggle would have been more severe, and the cost in blood and treasure greater still. This generation might have wished that the bitter cup might have passed away, but to it will belong the eternal glory of having consummated an act of such grand moment to humanity, of high example to mankind, that it must stand among the ages as only second in importance to the Advent of our Saviour.

Looking at this great revolution, even those who most earnestly participated in it, and contributed most to its success, stand amazed at its magnitude and completeness! Who, except those of most retentive memory could believe that an Amendment of the Constitution, now and for ever abolishing slavery, should now be in full and practical effect, when, only a little more than four years ago, the following Amendment to the Constitution was proposed in Congress by Thomas Corwin, and was approved in the House by a vote, 133 to 65; and in the Senate by a vote of 24 to 12:

"ARTICLE 12.—No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which shall authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish or interfere, within any State, with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by the laws of said State."

Mr. Corwin died on the very day the Secretary of State issued his proclamation declaring slavery at an end! Only four years! Truly does the world move, at a pace little contemplated by Mr. Corwin and the "Pacification Committee," which proposed to eternize a system that Wesley characterized as "the sum of all villainies."

It only remains for us to make this great victory for the human race complete. The spirit of slavery must die with its substance. Then, indeed, may we boast a regenerate nation, and take our proper place at the head of the grand army of human progress.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 6, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Frank Leslie's

Chimney Corner.

With No. 33

Of this most attractive family paper, ISSUED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, will be presented to each purchaser, an elegant ENGRAVING, and the celebrated painting by FAIR, now in the possession of John Knowles, Esq., entitled,

"HIS ONLY PAIR."

Constitutional Amendments.

Our Constitution was framed at a time when we were but three millions of people, with scarcely a fourth of our present territory, before the invention of steamers, railways or electric telegraphs, before the cotton gin had revolutionized the manufactures and commerce of the world, and before the printing press had gained its present control of human thought and action. It was framed in our national childhood, and it is not surprising that it does not altogether meet the requirements of our new and advanced condition, or conform altogether with the political ideas and necessities of this decade. Necessity has several times led us to ignore or technically violate its provisions, as in the purchase of

Florida, Louisiana and California. We have several times amended it, and notably within the last few months. But the necessity for further amendment is obvious. It might be inconvenient and impolitic to call a new Convention for the purpose of radically revising it, and we may perhaps secure the changes which experience has shown to be necessary, by the process prescribed by the instrument itself, notwithstanding it is slow and cumbersome. Among the propositions for amendment now before Congress are:

1st. By Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, abolishing electoral colleges, and providing that, in voting for President and Vice-President, the ballots shall be cast directly for the persons to fill those offices; also limiting the right of voting to male citizens of the United States, twenty-one years old, who have lived in the State one year, in the district six months; and also empowering Congress to pass laws for registration and the prevention of fraud.

2d. By Mr. Price, of Iowa, to prohibit the assumption by the general Government or of the States of any portion of the rebel debt.

3d. By Mr. Sumner, providing that the basis of representation for members of Congress shall be no longer population, but voters; i. e., members of the House shall be apportioned according to the number of legal voters in the several States.

4th. By Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, that, "No tax, duty, or impost shall be laid, nor shall any appropriation of money be made, either by the United States of any one thereof, for the purpose of paying, either in whole or in part, any debt, contract, or liability whatever, incurred, made or suffered, by any one or more of the States or the people thereof for the purpose of aiding a rebellion against the Constitution and laws of the United States."

This passed the House by a vote of 149 to 11, and will, no doubt, pass the Senate, and receive the requisite assent of three-fourths of the States.

5th. An amendment has also been proposed, for striking out the existing Constitutional provision prohibiting duties on exports, so as to permit Congress, in its discretion, to levy a duty on tobacco, cotton, etc., and thus compel nations who aided and abetted the rebellion to pay a part of the cost of putting it down.

Probably all of these and other amendments of the Constitution will be adopted. We feel much deeply interested in that changing the basis of representation, and then striking out the prohibition of duties on exports.

"Napoleonic Ideas."

AMONG "Napoleonic Ideas," not speaking now of those of Napoleon the Great, was early that of checking the growth and limiting the power of the United States. It may not be generally known, but it is a fact, that while Napoleon (the Little) was a prisoner in the fortress of Ham, as a punishment for his ridiculous fiasco at Strasburg, he negotiated a contract with a Secretary of the Legation of Nicaragua, in France, a certain Spaniard named Marcolleta, for the construction of a canal, an interoceanic ship canal, through that petty republic, to be called "Canal Napoleon de Nicaragua." When the "illustrious prisoner," as his eulogists delight to call him, got out of "chokey," otherwise Ham, he found refuge in England, where he wrote a pamphlet on his "Canal Napoleon de Nicaragua," which reveals whatever political ideas he then had on the subject, and which we now find practically revamped in his Mexican enterprise. The following extract from the pamphlet in question, and which appears equally in his collected writings, published, "regardless of expense," by the Imperial Government, will indicate what his sentiments towards the United States were twenty years ago, and what circumstances indicate they still are. Only at that time he had not the faintest notion of ever being able to put them in practice, so he called on Great Britain to do it. The pamphlet was published in London in 1846, and on pages 6 and 7 we read:

"France, England, Holland, Russia, and the United States have a great commercial interest in the establishment of communication between the two oceans, but England has, more than any other power, a political interest in the execution of the project. England will see, with pleasure, Central America become a flourishing and powerful state, which will establish a balance of power, by creating in Spanish America a new centre of active enterprise, powerful enough to give rise to a great feeling of nationality, and to prevent, by backing Mexico, any further encroachments from the North. England will witness with pleasure the opening of a route which will enable her to communicate more speedily with Oregon, China and her possessions in New Holland; she will find, in a word, that the advancement of Central America will renovate the declining commerce of Jamaica and the other English islands in the Antilles, the progressive decay of which will be thereby stopped. It is a happy coincidence that the political and commercial prosperity of the State of Nicaragua is closely connected with the policy of that nation which has the greatest preponderance on the sea."

It is clear that when Louis Napoleon wrote these lines, he had little notion of ever becoming Emperor of the French. The absurd failures of Boulogne and Strasburg were still fresh in his mind, but he then looked with equal

jealousy and hate on the growth and prosperity of the United States, and sought to excite England to do in Central America what he is now himself undertaking to do in Mexico. The wretched old dotard, Lamartine, fairly expounded his policy and the motives underlying it, in the article from which we last week quoted certain passages. How England undertook to follow his suggestions, and how abjectly she failed, let the history of the defunct Mosquito protectorate, of the seizure of San Juan, the robbery of the Island of Tigre, in the bay of Fonseca, the larceny of the Bay Islands, and the other fantastic and futile attempts of Great Britain to acquire and retain dominion in Central America—let these answer!

Great Britain was wise enough to discern in time the folly of her conduct, but the hero of Boulogne and Strasburg must needs now imperil his loosely-fitting crown, and endanger his dynasty, by attempting to reverse the decrees of Heaven, and turn back the globe in its orbit. "America for Americans, and sacred to republican institutions," is an irrevocable decree of Heaven. *Deus vult!*—It is the will of God! and neither Great Britain or France can reverse it.

The outrages of Spain on Chile have elicited, as we have already had occasion to notice, very strong expressions of disapprobation from Great Britain, which, however, unfortunately lose much of their value and force from the universal conviction that they have been called out by a pure selfishness—for, in fact, the rise in copper of 40 pounds per ton. The *Saturday Review* is hardly pressed to find a way to condemn Spain, without exposing itself to the imputation of supporting Chile, on the ground of interest alone. It says:

"It would be bad enough that France or the United States should blockade the ports of a small and unoffending power; but who is Spain, that she should threaten and tyrannize, and perhaps even meditate territorial conquest? Ingenious bondholders ready argue, that if Valparaiso is bombarded because 'she refuses to pay a few thousand pounds to Spain, some warlike demonstration nearer home might, with equal justice, raise the market value of the Spanish Passive Debt.'"

It would like to have the United States interfere—a tacit confession that whatever she may do, Great Britain will do nothing but talk—but fears that the United States, having no commercial interest involved (only 3 per cent. of Chilean trade being in American hands), could only interfere on the basis of the "Monroe Doctrine," which it is "desirable that Englishmen should not sanction under any provocation." It is also conscious that the demands of Spain on Chile are not more absurd than have been often made by Great Britain on weak powers, as for instance in the notorious Don Pacifico case, and the later requisition on the petty Central American States. After all, however, it comforts itself with the hope, rather than the expectation, that the United States will do something, for reasons cogent enough and sound enough, if the American Secretary of State, in any degree, reflected the sentiments, feelings or principles of the American people. Unfortunately he does not, and there is no hope of American aid for Chile, while Mr. Seward is Secretary of State and can control the action of the Government. We copy the paragraphs from the *Review* wherein it seeks comfort, and indirectly consoles itself with the prospect, cheap copper again, as follows:

"With fourfold power, and with largely increased claims to the defence of foreign States, the American Government is not likely to tolerate any attempt to restore Spanish dominion on the continent. The occupation of San Domingo and the quarrel with Peru were undertaken, like the French expedition to Mexico, while the United States were occupied with civil war; but the blockade of the Chilean ports is less opportunely timed, and it is not impossible that, if persisted in, it may cause a serious misunderstanding. The Government of the United States at present meditates no aggressive enterprise, but in a war with Spain it would at any time have the prospect of securing an acquisition which has long been coveted by at least one section of American politicians. Ambition and philanthropy would be gratified by the conquest of Cuba, and by the emancipation of the slaves; and it would not be difficult to convince the American people that the exclusion of Spain from the islands of the Mexican Gulf was a just retribution for vexatious interference in Cuba, and the best security against the repetition of similar attempts."

THE House of Representatives has pledged itself, by a vote of 144 to 6, to co-operative action with the Secretary of the Treasury, in his policy of contracting the currency and resuming specie payments. This pledge, proposed by Mr. Alley, of Mass., is as follows:

"Resolved, That this House cordially concurs in the views of the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the necessity of a contraction of the currency, with a view to as early a resumption of specie payments as the business interests of the country will permit; and we hereby pledge co-operative action to that end as speedily as possible."

MR. DOOLITTLE has introduced a bill into the Senate in relation to the qualification of jurors and to write of error in certain cases, which provides that no person shall be held incompetent to act as a grand juror by reason of having formed or expressed an opinion upon the matter in question founded upon public rumor, statements of public journals, or the common history of the times, provided he be otherwise competent, and it appears, to the satisfaction of the court, that, notwithstanding such opinion, he can and will act impartially. The exclusion of jurors from sitting in cases of greatest moment, because they have formed an opinion on those cases, has risen to be an abuse. With the present sources of information, hardly any case can come up in which reading, intelligent men have not reached some sort of conclusion. That, however, does not prevent them from deciding impartially on evidence. As it is, juries are almost necessarily made up of men who perjure themselves, in order to decide on a case, for a purpose, or of ignorant louts, who ought

never to be entrusted with any responsibility involving intelligence or sound judgment.

"A MARITIME CONGRESS" is proposed in the English newspapers, because it is of "paramount importance that another great war should not break out before we have a clear notion as to what we can ask as belligerents, or what we ought to do as neutrals." Are you there, old Truepenny? Phantom Alabamas are more terrible to British apprehensions, just now, than were ever Flying Dutchmen to the disordered fancy of the sailor. We want no Maritime Congress. We have offered to settle with Great Britain, as we had the right and ability to do, the whole question of international law on this matter, but our overture was repelled. Now we shall wait. We can afford to do so.

THERE is something of impiety, if not of blasphemy, in the manner in which many of our clergymen, or "divines," as they like to be called, seek to "improve" current events. Only a few weeks ago, while the trials of British ordnance were going on, no less a "divine" than Dr. Cumming discovered in the skill and talent which are now being brought to bear on the construction of our engines of war, the fulfilment of the passage of the Apocalypse which says, after the pouring out of the sixth vial, "And I saw three unclean spirits, like frogs, come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty." The three kinds of guns tried were Armstrong's, Whitworth's, and Blakeley's, who must be the devils who gave their spirits to these thundering frogs. What does Dr. Cumming say to Parrott, Dahlgren, and Rodman? Are they not also devils with frogs of their own? And are there six frogs? Are there American as well as British frogs? Or, is Dr. Cumming simply an impious fool?

We should like to know what are precisely the functions and duties, but more especially the responsibilities of the "law officers" of the British Crown? As the matter stands, it seems that the responsibility of the British Government and its ministers are all concentrated in the "law officers." An international difficulty arises, a discussion ensues, the British ministry overwhelmed by argument, driven into a corner, and called upon to accept a conclusion both right and logical, suddenly turns round, shuts off discussion, and declares the matter settled, with a "whereas the law officers of the crown have decided so and so." All argument, all claim for redress, it appears, must cease and be abandoned when the spectre of the "law officers of the crown" rises in the way! They are the great "bogey" or "bugaboo," before whom mankind are to be appalled—the great oracle to whose mysterious utterance, coming whence no one knows, nations are to bow instinctively, and without reply, if not with trembling and fear. If Earl Russell thinks that the claims of the United States are to be set aside, or that we are going to accept his refusal for redress, on his simple quotation that the "law officers of the crown" have determined to decide on them after a certain fashion; if, in international affairs, we are called on to deal with such an unrecognised, not to say convenient body, let it stand out, and let the world see what it is made of, and what degree of importance is to be attached to its decisions. If it be, as there is every reason to suppose, a convenient attachment to the foreign office, a mark behind which a beaten foreign minister may hide his defeat, and evade responsibility for himself and his country, let us know that. The London *Saturday Review* tells us that the "Alabama" and other Anglo-rebel cruisers got out, because in their cases the "law officers of the crown" had decided that no illegality or reasonable suspicion of illegality had been made out against them. It appears then that there is a British court, with no defined, no recognised international character, which actually sits and decides on international questions, and that all foreign nations are bound to accept its decisions without appeal, holding harmless the accepted organs of the British Government, in the person of its foreign minister! This may be and is a convenient arrangement for Great Britain, but we doubt if it will be accepted by other nations.

MR. JOHN VAN BUREN may not, perhaps, be regarded as the very highest political authority in the land, but here is his opinion on the matter of conferring civil rights on the emancipated slaves, extracted from his speech made in Albany just before the State election:

"I think the negroes ought to be permitted to testify in the courts of the Southern States; and, while I am not prepared to say a State that does not allow them to testify is not Republican in its form of government—for it is—I am prepared to say, a State that does not allow the blacks to testify, does not comply in good faith with President Johnson's requirements preliminary to their introduction into the Congress of the United States."

THE habit or instinct of meteors to distinguish themselves by a grand promenade or display, on the night of the 12th of November, annually, was illustrated, as usual, this year. Observations at the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, England, show that between midnight and five in the morning no less than 279 displayed themselves. At the last hour named the moon was shining brightly, and the meteors were appearing at the rate of 250 an hour. It is calculated that for each meteor recorded at least two appeared. Of these observed, 197 were blue, 34 white, 30 bluish white, 4 yellow and 4 red; a few were rose-colored, and 1 was green. The blue meteors till 1h. were 43 per cent. of the whole observed; in the next hour the per-centage was 60, between 3 and 4 it

was 85, and afterwards 72 per cent. Four of the meteors were equal in brightness to Jupiter, two twice as bright as Sirius, and 138 equal to or brighter than the first magnitude stars. Meteors with trains observed numbered 16 in the first hour, 54 in the second hour, 87 in the third, 38 in the fourth and 27 in the last hour of observation, making 172 meteors with trains, leaving about 100 without trains. On the evening of the 13th day a watch was kept up at the observatory from the hour of six p.m. till midnight, with the exception of a short interval between half-past seven and eight o'clock, and two meteors only were observed during this time. From the circumstance of so few meteors being visible both before and after the calculated time, it would seem that this epoch is determined with a good deal of precision.

PROCLAMATION.

W. H. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States.

To All Whom these Presents May Come, Greeting:

Know ye, that, whereas, the Congress of the United States, on the 1st of February last, passed a resolution, which is in the words following, namely:

A resolution submitting to the Legislatures of the several States a proposition to amend the Constitution of the United States:

Resolved, By the Senate and Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both houses concurring, that the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid all to intents and purposes as a part of said Constitution, namely:

ARTICLE XIII.

SEC. 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

SEC. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

And, whereas, it appears from official documents on file in this department that the Amendment to the Constitution of the United States proposed as aforesaid, has been ratified by the Legislatures of the States of Illinois, Rhode Island, Michigan, Maryland, New York, West Virginia, Maine, Kansas, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Missouri, Nevada, Indiana, Louisiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Vermont, Tennessee, Arkansas, Connecticut, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Alabama, North Carolina and Georgia, in all twenty-seven States;

And, whereas, the whole number of States in the United States is thirty-six;

And, whereas, the before specially named States, whose Legislatures have ratified the said proposed amendment, constitute three-fourths of the whole number of States in the United States;

Now, therefore, be it known that I, William H. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States, by virtue and in pursuance of the second section of the act of Congress approved the 20th of April, 1818, entitled "An Act to provide for the publication of the laws of the United States and for other purposes," do hereby certify that the amendment aforesaid has become valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the Constitution of the United States.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the Department of State to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this 18th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1865, and of the Independence of the United States of America the 90th.

WM. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

TOWN COSSIP.

BEFORE this paper reaches the public Christmas will have hurried down the vale of Time, and the New Year Day, fraught with all its pleasant memories and happy surroundings, will be upon us.

We remember when the good old Dutch custom, which came from our ancestors, even before the days of Peter Stuyvesant, of calling upon all friends, and even mere acquaintance, on New Year's Day, was only followed in New York City; but now, we are happy to say, it has spread through all the land, and town and country alike join in one hearty greeting and renewal of old friendships and healing of old troubles.

Fashion has in former years, and even now attempts to set its face against the system of New Year calls, but Fashion, in this case, is invariably voted wrong, and the old play goes on gathering strength every year, and serving as a day of landmarks for the rising generation, and something for the aged to dwell on. It is an allowed dissipation—a day on which absolute is easily granted for excesses, when the emulation of the hour is taken into consideration. The grand struggle is for supremacy. Each belle wants to mark the greatest number of calls. Each beau to make the greatest number. The young ladies treat those best who have the most friends, and can add the largest number to their list by just dropping in with Mr. Tomkins, Mr. Timkins, Mr. Watkins or Mr. Simkins, to say nothing of all the rest of the crowd. The young gentleman desires to make the call as soon as possible, and, as a consequence, rehearses his shibboleth a week in advance. It will run somewhat in this wise:

"Ah! Miss Smith. How d'ye do? Beautiful day, isn't it? Wish you Happy New Year. No, can't sit down, positively! Must only stay one minute and a quarter. Got 312 calls to make; only made 162, and here it's almost five o'clock. Good-bye! Thank you! Thank you! Well, just half a glass. Wouldn't do it for anybody else in the world but you. Happy New Year to you, Miss Smith. Hope I'll call you by some other name next year. He! he! Good-bye!"

And Mr. Brown bows himself into the street, jumps into the carriage, and is rattled away to the 183d call, congratulating himself that he did the last within the prescribed time; while Miss Smith, before his footsteps have cooled upon the threshold, is going through the same performance with Jones or Robinson, a routine that is jollily kept up till after midnight, when counting time comes, and the spoils of the day, in the shape of various pencilled lists, are counted up and each visitor awarded her proper credit. As to Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson, they are supposed to get home—sometimes they do—but are never supposed to be able to tell how they do it.

And thus passes the New Year's Day.

One of the chief excitements of the past two weeks has been Fenianism and its internal dissensions. We never were of those who believed that any good could ever be achieved by this organization, but as it is a subject that lies near to the hearts of many of our Irish fellow-citizens, we sorrow that trouble should have

arisen among them that will kill the whole affair in the bud, ere they have a chance to test its real fallacy. We believe in the principle of allowing agitators to bring their mooted ideas into operation at once, and letting them live or die by the test. The Fenians have been an organization in this country for years, but not until within a few months have they had the handling of any but small amounts of money. As soon, therefore, as the money came in by hundreds of thousands it was the apple of discord. Patriots are not above a love of filthy lucre, and each of them wanted the handling or disposal of the funds. Those who had them were not disposed to yield, and those who had them not tried to get them, and thence arose the squabble. Out of this have grown manifestoes and pronouncements and general fulminations, and more paper has been spoiled than, if sold at 10 cents per pound, would have subsidized the Fenian Senate and created half-a-dozen new presidents. To show the result of this Fenian agitation in Ireland, we give this extract from a Dublin paper, of a misguided man who covets the fate of Emmett and Fitzgerald:

The trial of O'Leary, the Fenian, terminated on the 6th inst., with a verdict of "guilty." The prisoner addressed the court and denied that he was a traitor. He said that he owed no allegiance to the Queen of England, no obedience to British laws. He was not, he said, surprised at the verdict, for a Government which had safely packed the bench had no difficulty in obtaining a verdict from a jury. When he had been convicted on such slight evidence, there would be no difficulty found in convicting all the rest who were to come. He declared he had been morally assassinated, and pointing to one of the crown counsel, designed him as "that miserable man." Dante had placed traitors in the ninth circle of his Inferno, but Dante had defined a traitor to be a man who betrayed his king, his country, his friends and his benefactors. As for him, England was not his country, and he was no traitor. With respect to the shedding of blood and the destruction of property, that was the necessary consequence of all revolutions, and so it was with wars; but the persons who disturbed the country were not rebels, but agitators. Hampden and Elliott were traitors, and Jeffreys and Norbury were loyal men.

The judge sentenced the prisoner to 20 years penal servitude.

As a reasonable bit of groaning, we prophesy that the coming winter is to be more productive of crime than any that has gone before. The difficulty of obtaining employment in the cities is the first cause of this, and the high price of all necessities of life the next. Men and women will be driven to crime from sheer necessity, and petty larceny will be greater than the law can take cognizance of. These facts already begin to show upon the records of the police, and are daily increasing, in spite of all their efforts. The only remedy that we can see is in the increased exertion of the wealthy and charitable in alleviating the woes of those who may be driven to dishonesty through want, but who, by small relief to keep them from cold and starvation, will still maintain their integrity. We know that professional moralists will condemn our creed, but, as it is a stern fact, we will let it go unargued.

We never could understand why it is that the position of conductor on our city cars was so much sought. The pay is very small, not over \$14 per week, for 16 hours' labor per day, Sundays included; but we have somewhat of an unraveling of the mystery, in the declaration of a prominent city railroad officer, who declares that in one week no less than 80 dishonest conductors were detected and dismissed by one company in one week. The companies employ detectives of every kind to spot those financial abstractors, but chiefly women—sometimes women who know and have intimacy with the men themselves. These Delilahs make a business of wooing conductors, and between what they get from the sinner and the company the business is profitable.

On the line of Broadway we have noticed, within the past few weeks, a score or two of red-capped individuals, who were an attempt to imitate the "Soldiers' Messenger Corps." These men, for the most part, were rather a scallawag race, but not until this cold snap have our feelings been really aroused for them. During the very coldest of these past few days, the greater part of these poor fellows have been shivering along Broadway in their flannel socks, or something worse, in a manner that cannot but be painful to every passer-by with an atom of humanity about him. We ask whether the company, who are supposed to employ these poor men, cannot give them something in the shape of an overcoat or blanket, with which to keep in warmth and take away shivering and blue noses? Gentlemen of the company, please think of this.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The foreign trade of Boston this year will amount to nearly \$60,000,000 of imports, reckoned in United States currency. There is a great increase in her East India trade, there being 15 ships on the way to that port.

—Mr. McCullough's estimate of the cotton to come out is 750,000 bales. The English firm of Neil & Bros. give it as 800,000 bales. The exports for ten years prior to the war were over 2,000,000 bales, and for the past three months 300,000.

—Gov. Jenkins, of Georgia, was inaugurated on the 14th Dec. The tone of his address is eminently loyal, patriotic and hopeful. He pays a tribute to the good conduct of the negroes during the war, favors their receiving the fullest civil protection, and considers their labor, rendered willing and intelligent by just and kind treatment, is indispensable to the prosperity of the State.

—The Missouri Legislature has passed a bill allowing prisoners to be discharged when three-fourths of the term for which they were sentenced has expired, provided they conform strictly for that time to all the rules of the prison. The Governor is also empowered to pardon all those sentenced for life, if at the end of 15 years they can show a clear conduct record.

—It is said that the Buena Vista Vineyard, in Sonoma County, California, is the largest in the world. It consists of 6,000 acres, with 275,000 vines planted previous to 1855, and 700,000 planted or to be planted this year. Last year the yield was 42,000 gallons of still wine, 60,000 bottles of sparkling wine and 12,000 gallons of brandy. One hundred men are constantly employed, and double that number during the vintage. There are 8,000 fruit trees, and large varieties of grapes.

—John Taylor writes from Prince George County, Virginia, under date of November 29: "There are places all over Virginia empty and ready for northerners of every trade and calling. We are in need of mechanics, artisans and tradespeople of every kind and description. At this moment there is an opening and a chance to make money for a market-gardener, a wheelwright and blacksmith at this very place."

—A Maine paper states that a colony of fifty families, principally from that State, is to embark for Palestine in July next. They propose to settle at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, building huts having been purchased, and will carry with them Yankee improvements, with a view to resuscitate the great and long slumbering resources of that once splendid land.

—It proves by the confession of the murderer Corbitt, recently convicted and sentenced to death at Chicago, that three men are now under ten years sentence in the State of Illinois, under conviction for a crime for which they had nothing whatever to do. They were convicted on circumstantial evidence, and will be pardoned at once.

—The Richmond Times laments that the fine old Virginia gentlemen, who carried gold-headed canes and were the pride of society, are rapidly dying off. It ascribes the unusual mortality of their use of new apple brandy during the war instead of good old liquors, and to other deprivations and anxieties.

—The Virginia (New) Union of a late date, says: "On Friday evening last, a Miss Lucy White arrived in

this city, with a full freight for White & Cunningham, six days from Shingle Springs. The lady herself drove six mustang horses over the Sierras, and landed her freight in safety at its destination in about three days quicker than is usual for teams to make the trip."

—Arthur Savoy, who was sent to prison for killing John J. Marlowe, at Boston, and died a few days afterwards, is reported to have only feigned death, and to have made good his escape after his body was given up to his friends. His brother, however, says that he was "waked" and buried in due form.

—A prominent bachelor politician on the Kennebec, remarked to a lady that someone was excellent to keep the feet warm in bed. "Yes," said the young lady, who had been an attentive listener, "but some gentlemen have an improvement on that which you know nothing about." The bachelor turned pale, and maintained a wistful silence.

—D. S. Warren, mail-carrier from Iowa City to Washington, was frozen to death a few nights since on his way to the latter place. Mr. Warren was 73 years of age, and his horse being fast in a mudhole, and the night being dark from a snowstorm, the old man and his horse both perished.

—The "Trent" the historical vessel associated with the seizure of Mason and Slidell, has not long survived the American war. At last accounts she was at the Isle of Dogs, where she was to be broken up. Her career is ended. Likewise that of her old passengers, who went to the dogs some time ago.

—A man in Providence, R. I., asked the city authorities to give him \$300, for injuries received through the city's neglect. It was refused. The man went to law, and the jury has just awarded him \$5,500.

—President Johnson has positively declined to accept a carriage made for him by the workmen of the army repair shop, after their working hours, and it has been purchased by Secretary Stanton.

—The average weekly receipts of the messengers attached to the "Soldiers' Messenger Corps," in Boston, is about \$4. The opera in that city gave them a benefit on Saturday.

—A woman in New Bedford, Mass., lately gave birth to a baby weighing 15½ lbs.

—A negro jury was empaneled at Callao, Macon county, Missouri, on the 4th instant. A suit for assault and battery was brought before Squire Ballinger, in which the parties were colored citizens. A jury was summoned, composed entirely of colored men, who, after hearing the evidence and the charge of the court, assessed the fine of \$21, to be paid or replevined, and the case now stands recorded on the docket of the justice.

—Some cotton speculations are thus noticed by the Boston Journal: "A party in this city purchased 100 bales of sheeting at eight cents a yard—100,000 yards in all—costing \$8,000. Within a year ensuing, this lot was sold for 40 cents a yard, thereby yielding a profit of \$22,000. Party number two held it for another rise, and sold out in another year at 60 cents a yard, realizing a profit of \$20,000. Party number three held on awhile, and then sold at 62 cents to one who has been forced to keep it until within a short time, when the career of the 100 bales came to its end at 19 cents."

—The farmers in the Catskill mountain regions are complaining that the bears, said to be unusually numerous this year, are killing large numbers of sheep.

—A young lady in Chesterfield, Morgan county, was recently shot dead by the accidental explosion of a gun in the hands of her lover, whom she was kissing good-bye.

—A disgusted newspaper correspondent in Georgia gives his opinion of a town: "Waynesborough isn't a lovely place by any means. In fact, I don't see why anybody should desire to live here; and a forced residence of half a year might very well make a man long to be shot."

—A Boston paper gravely announces that the election inspectors in that city "coincided in the view" that one big bundle of 23 ballots dropped into the box must be fraudulent. They were thrown out after much deliberation.

—A New Orleans paper publishes a letter from Gen. Beauregard, in which he states, that at one time he thought of going to Brazil, but the generous sentiments expressed by President Johnson towards the Southern States induced him to remain in Louisiana.

—Last week an ocelot, or tiger-cat, was shot and killed in the graveyard at Rushville, Indiana, where it had taken refuge in a tree. The animal had escaped from Van Amburgh's menagerie, now in winter quarters at Connersville, in that State.

—Benjamin Phinney, a wealthy farmer at Rockport, Ill., was recently poisoned to death with strychnine, by his fifth wife, a pretty girl whom he married six weeks ago.

—A revenue cutter at New London, Conn., seized four cases of French brandy last week, which the captain of a British brig was trying to smuggle into that town.

Foreign.—An attempt is to be made to connect England by telegraph with America via Sweden and Greenland. The concession has been signed, and the work to be finished in three years.

—A Paris correspondent gives the last bed of the youthful daughter of one of their most gifted actresses, Augustine Brohan. The young artist, chafing to a friend on the pernicious results of smoking, remarked: "People must be mad, for it exhausts life; great smokers die sooner than other men." "Bah! bah!" replied Emile A., "look at my father, who has smoked from his childhood to this hour, and he is seventy." "Ah!" said Augustine, "but if he had not smoked, by this time he might have been eighty."

—The project of a tunnel through the Alps, between Switzerland and Italy, appears likely to be soon realized. Well-informed persons affirm that in a few months the piercing of the St. Gothard will have commenced. The experience gained at Mont Cenis will be turned to account, and there is a hope that the two tunnels may be opened for circulation within a short period of each other.

—In 1848, the population of the City of Mexico was 200,000. Travelers used to living in large cities—and many are here who are good judges—think that there are 325,000 inhabitants in Mexico now.

—The monument which has been erected to Mr. Thackeray, in Westminster Abbey, was uncovered on the 21st ult. The memorial consists of a fine bust, by Baron Marochetti, upon a base of red serpentine, mounted on a bronze support, which bears the inscription—a simple record of the name, and of the dates of birth and death. The bust is slightly tanned. It is fixed against a wall column in the south transept, behind the statue of Addison.

—A singular incident is mentioned in connection with the death of M. Dupin, late Procureur-General of the French Court of Cassation. He died perfectly conscious of his state, but under a strange hallucination. He spoke of himself in the third person: "M. Dupin is very ill, M. Dupin is about to die," and a few moments before he breathed his last he asked for water, which was brought to him. When he had emptied the glass, he exclaimed: "I never saw a dead man so thirsty."

—A despatch from Toulon, France, announces the arrival there of the ship-of-war *Pedrix*, from Limasoe, in the island of Cyprus, where the crew succeeded with great difficulty in taking on board the celebrated vase of Amathonte, one of the finest ornaments of the temple of Venus, built by the Phœnicians. This work of art weighs 15 tons, and its removal was hitherto considered impossible.

—The Lowmoor (England) Iron Company now regularly employ three large omnibuses going around an out-district, every morning, to collect their workmen, who are thus prevented from "dropping in" at liquor shops on the way, whereby they formerly lost much time, health and money.

—A man named McDonald—a clerk, aged 37 years—has been sentenced in London to seven years penal

servitude for having three wives, and for treating them all with the grossest neglect, leaving them at times without food.

—The trial of the murderer Forward, who killed his wife and three children, was to have begun at Maidstone, England, on the 16th of December. He has been employed for weeks back in preparing a large number of crazy letters, addressed to people of high rank in England.

—The most extensive brewery in the world is at Dublin, Ireland. It employs 300 men. It turns out about 15,000 hogheads of beer per day. Each workman is allowed a quart per day. The brewery was started in 1780.

—The latest novelties of Paris fashions are jewelry made in the ancient Egyptian and Carthaginian style, and hieroglyphics stamped or worked on ladies' dresses and crinolines.

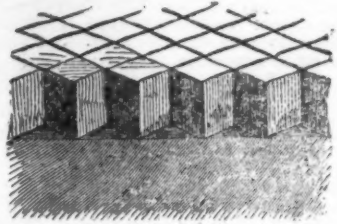
—Queen Victoria expects to spend part of next summer in Upper Austria, at a place called Walsee, on the Danube, where the Duke of Saxe Coburg possesses an estate, which he has recently visited.

—It is stated that the butchers in England are working up horseflesh into sausages on account of the high price of good beef, consequent upon the cattle plague.

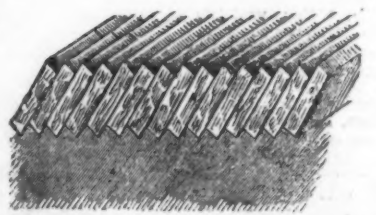
—It is stated that as the Emperor Napoleon III. is forbidden by his physicians to smoke, he is distributing his meerschaums among his friends.

—Among the funds in the hands of the Corporation of London is a sum of two hundred pounds a year, left in trust "to burn heretics."

The accompanying engravings illustrate our remarks in a late article on "Horses and Pavements." Our readers will recognize in one the smooth, flat and



treacherous surface of the Russ pavement. The other represents the mode adopted in the Strand, London, where by tilting narrow stones, the pavement is, as a



were, firmly tied together, while a rough surface is obtained. By splitting the present Russ pavement, and relaying it in this manner, its objectionable features would be removed.

WATT'S SANCTUARY.—In the house which he lived in, at Heathfield, about two miles from the centre of Birmingham, and which is the property of his great grandson of the name, his study has, through the good taste of this gentleman, been left precisely as it was at the great man's death. It is a small, one-windowed garret, at the top of the house, with a corbel ceiling, filled with models, and piles of objects of every kind on tables, and a few books on the shelves, with many jars and packets, carefully labelled in his handwriting. He appears to have been occupied, at the time of his death, with his machine for copying busts and bas-reliefs, as there is a large machine for this purpose near the window, and about the room are busts of him and various casts, upon which he was trying experiments. Such an invention has, as is well known, been since perfected, and introduced exclusively in the manufacture of bronze statues from the antique. The stove contains the ashes of the last fire at which he, perhaps, warmed his hands, as he watched the progress of some experiment, and there is the little sand-bath on the top, and a tin blower, all left precisely as they were found.

SINGULAR DUEL.—Two worthies, who had quarrelled, and who had been vowing vengeance on the other for some time, happened to meet recently in a public house in Fulteneytown, where they mutually determined to settle up old scores, mine host volunteering to act as referee. The most natural weapon, the fist, was of course the only one that had occurred to them; but mine host, having one eye to his business and another to his fun, suggested that their quarrel was not one which should be settled by the vulgar resort to fist-cuffs. Would they allow him to select the weapons with which they should fight? "Agreed," said both the worthies. "Well, gentlemen," said mine host, "you shall fight it out across this table; and your weapons shall be, not pistols, but soda-water bottles." A dozen baskets having been supplied to each, the fight began in downright earnest, each firing away his cork as fast as he could make them "pop," and by the time that each had stood a dozen rounds from his opponent they were tired enough, and the ludicrousness of the operations having changed their wrath to laughter loud and long, they shook hands and departed, not foes, but friends.

We regret that in giving the fine portrait of the Mayor elect, John T. Hoffman, in last week's paper, that we omitted giving credit for the beautiful photograph from which it was taken, to Mr. M. B. Brady, corner of 10th street and Broadway. We feel this necessary from the reception of many favors from Mr. Brady, who deservedly holds the position of the first photographer in the world.

JEROME HOPKINS'S CONCERTS.—The afternoon monthly concerts of this able pianist increase in popularity. The second one, at Wallack's Theatre, on the 20th, attracted a crowd of fashionable fair ones, who thronged the beautiful building in every part. Mr. Hopkins was frequently encored.

TAMING FISH.—A little girl, residing near a pond in Massachusetts, has succeeded in taming some of the fish, by throwing crumbs of bread, crackers, etc., into the water. The species called the perch seem to be the most tractable and docile. One of them often takes the end of her finger in its mouth, while another will glide gently into her hand and turn on one side, and so remain, apparently repining, till raised quite to the surface. The little girl walks out on a plank, sustained a few inches above the water, and, before she reaches the end of the plank, the fish may be seen darting rapidly towards their feeding ground. The larger ones, especially, are disposed to drive off the smaller ones, but she keeps order among them by means of a stick with a sewing needle attached to the end of it, and when one picks a quarrel he gets a stab, and is off at once.

A New York Sabbath school teacher asked a young pupil the meaning of "the wages of sin is death." The boy did not know what wages were, and was asked, "What his father got on Saturday night?" "Drunk," was the answer.

ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the United States.

WHAT romance can any one want more full with incident than that of the life of our President?

Andrew Johnson was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29, 1808. His father died when he was scarcely four years of age, leaving his family very poor. The child finally became the inmate of the almshouse of Wake county, North Carolina, where he remained until he was ten years old; he was then apprenticed to a tailor in Raleigh, and thus labored for seven years. He had never attended school, but he evinced the greatest desire to acquire knowledge, and spent much of his leisure time in study. A gentleman of the place was in the habit of visiting the shop and reading, while the apprentices and journeymen were at work. The selections were from a volume of speeches of British statesmen, and young Johnson at once took great delight in them. He thought it would be the consummation of his happiness if he could read and comprehend these speeches. He procured an alphabet, and without an instructor, attempted to learn to read. When at a loss to know a

letter, he received assistance from the journeymen, and at length mastered his task. After this he borrowed the book, and the owner gave him some instructions about reading. It was not long before he became a good reader, and after having spent ten or twelve hours in his daily labor, he would give two or three hours to mental improvement. On the completion of his apprenticeship in 1824, he removed to Laurens Court House, South Carolina, where he worked as a journeyman. Here he won the affections of a young lady, who promised to have him provided he could get her mother's consent. One Sunday Andy plucked up courage and spoke to the mother on the subject nearest his heart. To his dismay, the old lady began to abuse him without mercy, and said:

"You trifling, worthless vagabond, do you suppose I am going to let my daughter marry a wandering journeyman tailor? I know what you want; you are too lazy to work, and you are after my property."

The old lady was the owner of three negroes. The poor tailor gave up his suit in despair.

In May, 1826, he returned to Raleigh, where he procured work, and remained until September. Later, he journeyed westward, and engaged in work at Greenville, Tennessee. His mother was entirely dependent upon him for support, and she had accompanied him. After about a year he married, and then went further west, but returned to Greenville and commenced business. He was still ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, and now, under the instruction of his wife, he entered upon the higher branches of study, acquiring a good fund of information. During the day and part of the night he pursued his fatiguing occupation, and at midnight pored over his books with his loving instructress.

In 1828 he was elected to his first office as alderman of the village, and was twice re-elected. He was next elected mayor, and served for three years. In 1835 he was elected to the State Legislature; in 1837 defeated as a candidate for the same position, and in 1839 again elected by a large majority. His political life was early marked by bold and comprehensive views of public affairs. In 1841 he was elected to the Senate. In 1845 he was elected to Congress, serving by successive re-elections until 1853. During his career in that office he advocated the bill for refunding the fine imposed upon Gen. Jackson at New Orleans in 1815, and the annexation of Texas, the Tariff of 1846, the war measures of Mr. Polk's administration, and a homestead bill. In 1853 he was elected Governor of Tennessee, after an exciting canvass. He was re-elected in 1855 after another spirited contest. At the expiration of his second term in 1857, he was elected to the Senate of the United States for the term ending March 3, 1862. He, however, never completed his term. On March 4, 1864, he was confirmed by the Senate of the United States Military Governor of Tennessee, with the rank of Brigadier-General, with all the powers, duties, and functions pertaining to that office, during the pleasure of the President, or until the loyal inhabitants of the State should organize a civil government in accordance with the constitution of the United States. The designation of Gen. Johnson for the position was considered by everybody as eminently proper, both in view of his peculiar fitness for the office and of his great popularity among the loyal people, besides his devotion to his own State. The Governor, by the acceptance of the office, necessarily vacated his position as Senator.

Before the secession of the Cotton States was accomplished, Mr. Johnson made several powerful speeches in the Senate, denouncing the course of the hot-heads of the South, which attracted a wide attention both North and South. When passing through Lynchburg, his way to Tennessee, to arrest, if possible, the act

of secession, a crowd of rowdies entered the car at the depot, and one of them, the editor of the Lynchburg Republican, pulled the nose of the Senator. Knowing the potent power of his tongue in convincing the people of their duty, the secessionists prevented him speaking in Middle and West Tennessee. Most of his old political associates were plotting the overthrow of the Union, but neither promises of power, nor threats of dire vengeance, could move him from his uncompromising loyalty. He was obliged to leave the State, and subsequently his family received many indignities.

After his return to the State in 1862, a series of Union meetings were held at different points, which were addressed by Governor Johnson and other prominent Unionists. The guerillas laid various plans for the capture of the Governor, but were defeated by the watchfulness of his friends. Persons returning from the meeting were murdered. On the return of the train with the Governor and party, the bodies of six or seven Union men were found at Murfreesboro. Says a statement:

"Much excitement existed among the townspeople, and they unitedly pressed the Governor to remain, as

on all sides. Visions of a murderous smash-up were constantly before our eyes. Governor Johnson exhibited no signs of alarm whatever. He conversed as pleasantly and as composedly as he ever did. He had made up his mind to one thing—never to be taken alive by his enemies; and the few devoted friends who were near him shared with him this resolve.

The train reached Nashville in safety at about nine o'clock. At a later hour the same night the guerillas tore up the track, and the next train that went over the road was thrown off. During the siege of Nashville, in the autumn of 1862, Governor Johnson, while viewing an engagement from the cupola of the capitol, made the remark, "I am no military man, but any one who talks of surrendering I will shoot."

Mrs. Washington Barrow, wife of a very rich and prominent secessionist, called on Governor Johnson to know by what right certain claims of hers on the river-front were infringed upon?

"By the right of conquerors," was the reply.

Some of the secessionists were taking the oath prescribed by the Governor, when one of them approached Col. —, who had recently subscribed to it, and said:

any single occasion, to a greater extent than possibly clergyman would at a sacrament; and as for the smaller vices, he was free from them all.

On the 8th of June, 1864, Mr. Johnson was nominated as the candidate of the Republican party for Vice-President of the United States, and elected in the following November. He left Tennessee entirely tranquil, and repairing to Washington, was sworn into office on the 4th of March. By the death of President Lincoln by the hand of the assassin, Mr. Johnson became his successor, and was quietly inaugurated at his rooms at the Kirkwood House, at 11 o'clock, on the morning of the 15th of April. In a short address, he said: "Toll and an honest advocacy of the great principles of free government have been my lot. The duties have been mine—the consequences are God's. This has been the foundation of my political creed. I feel that in the end the Government will triumph, and these great principles will be permanently established."

President Johnson is of tall, full person, long and muscular. He has a large round head, with prominent features and marked intellectual characteristics. His eyes are clear, with a steady, unflinching gaze, and both

these and his mouth show his bold, resolute nature. The nation has been long looking for a President with Jacksonian will, and they are likely to find one in Andrew Johnson. Let them survey the calm, honest face of their new ruler, and they will see the lineaments which most strikingly typify the far-seeing thinker and the man of iron purpose. Obstacles only inspire him with greater determination, and responsibility only strengthens his nerve for the discharge of duty. The child of poverty and obscurity, the victor over ignorance and caste, he will stand proudly as the champion of free constitutional government, and faithful to the high trusts to which destiny has borne him.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Is the son of the Hon. Stephen Longfellow, of Portland, Maine, and was born in that city February 27th, 1807. At fourteen he entered Bowdoin College, and four years later took his degree with high honors. For a few months in 1825, he was a law student in the office of his father, but having been offered a professorship of modern languages in Bowdoin College, with the view of qualifying himself for the post, he passed three years and a half in travelling in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland and England, and returning to this country in 1829, entered upon the duties of his office. In 1835 Mr. G. Ticknor having resigned his professorship of modern languages and belles lettres in Harvard College, Mr. Longfellow was appointed to the vacancy. He then gave up his chair at Bowdoin and again went abroad to become more thoroughly acquainted with the languages and literature of Northern Europe. He passed more than a year in Scandinavia, Germany and Switzerland, and again returned to America in the autumn of 1836, to enter upon his duties at Harvard, where he has since resided, except during a brief visit to Europe in 1842.

While yet an under graduate, Mr. Longfellow wrote many tasteful and highly finished poems for the *United States Literary Gazette*, and while Professor at Bowdoin College contributed valuable criticisms to the *North American Review*. In 1833 he published his translation of the fine Spanish poem of Don Jorge Manrique, on the death of his father, together with an introductory essay on Spanish poetry.

In 1835 appeared his "Ottava Mer;" in 1839 "Hyperion," and "Voices of the Night." In 1841, Ballads and other Poems; in 1842, Poems on Slavery. From this time Mr. Longfellow worked industriously, and

the literary world recognised his labors with the highest honors. In 1855 appeared his "Song of Hiawatha," than which, perhaps, no poem ever elicited more notices or criticism on its first appearance. From that to the present, Mr. Longfellow has gone steadily on, adding to an already high reputation by every work he has offered for public perusal. No American poet is so popular and well known, and none has been so frequently translated and reprinted in foreign countries.

ANDREW JOHNSON'S INAUGURATION.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN was assassinated on the evening of April 14th, and on the 15th, Andrew Johnson was sworn into the high office of President of the United States.

The ceremony took place at his own rooms at the Kirkwood House, at 10 o'clock in the morning, in the presence of Hon. Salmon P. Chase, Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Attorney-General Speed, F. P. Blair, sen.; Hon. Montgomery Blair



EARLY MORNING—FEEDING THE KITTENS.—FROM A PAINTING BY H. KRETZNER.

they were confident the train would be attacked or destroyed before it reached Nashville.

"My friends," replied the Governor, "I thank you for your kind solicitude, but my duty calls me to Nashville, and I am going there to-night."

The passengers were in a great state of perplexity and anxiety. Some concluded to remain over; others determined to stick to Andy Johnson; and one of the latter, discovering in the twilight a four-leaved clover by the side of the track, held it up to the crowd, and declaring it to be a good omen, they all resolved to stick to Andy Johnson. Come what would, they then took their seats in the cars, Governor Johnson looking as calm and unconcerned as if he were going to a picnic. About this time the engineer of the train began to exercise a little authority, as he felt himself responsible for the safety of the train. He asked Col. Lester privately what he thought it best to do—return to Shelbyville, remain at Murfreesboro, or proceed to Nashville.

"Put Andy Johnson in Nashville as quick as possible," was the reply. And away we went. Night was fast closing around us, and we had some thirty miles to travel, with the devilish guerillas besetting us

"Well, Colonel, I hear you've jined. Is it so?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll jine, too."

The man took the oath amid much merriment. Governor Johnson himself relaxed the usual rigidity of his features at the quaint remark. The following dialogue occurred between the Governor and a rebel physician:

Dr. Hall—"Governor Johnson, I know you have a grudge against me, and you are now gratifying your revenge."

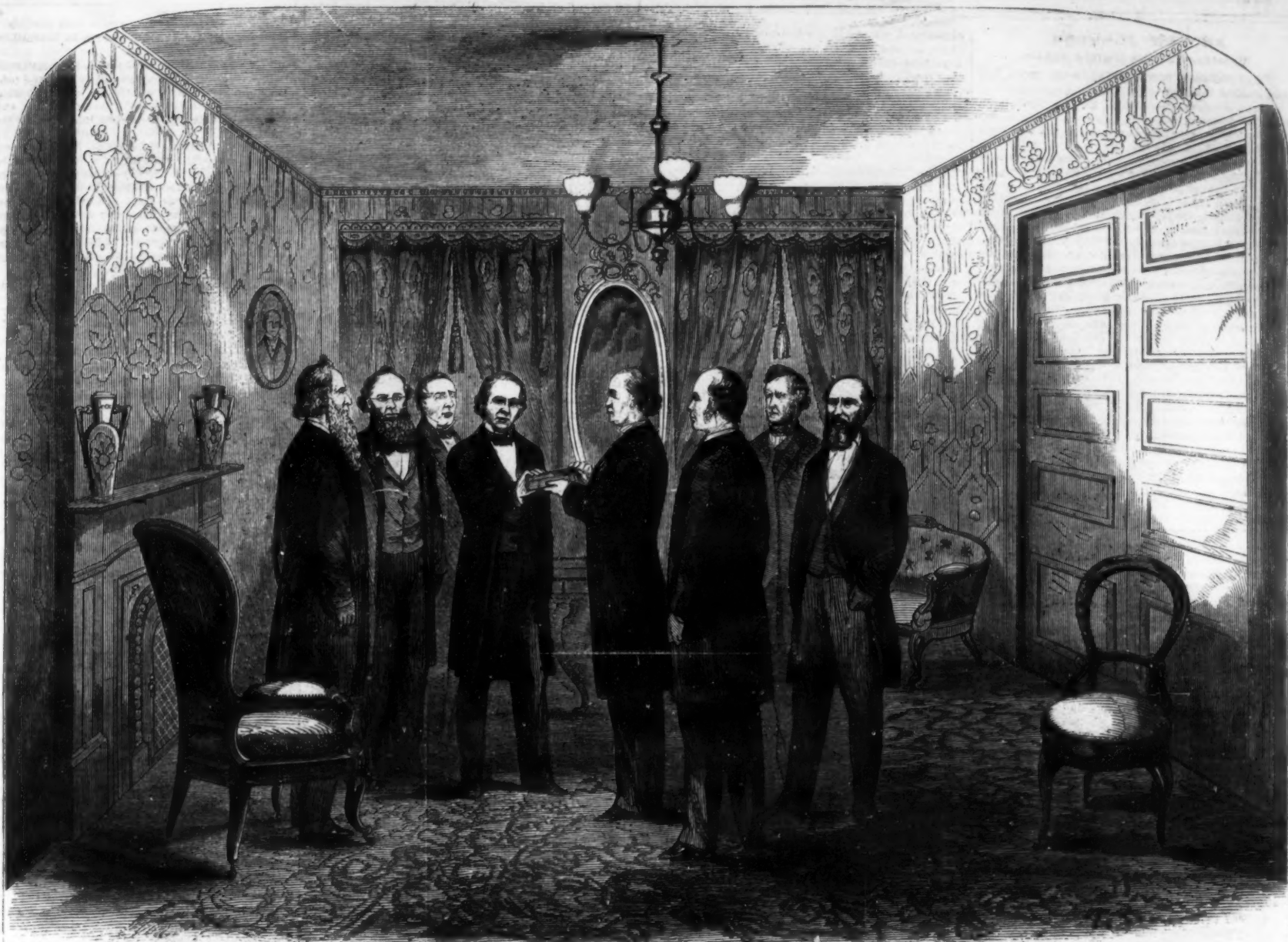
Governor Johnson—"I have no reason to gratify any resentment I may entertain towards you, no."

Dr. Hall—"Why have you no reason?"

Governor Johnson—"Because I consider you too contemptible to excite an emotion of resentment in any one."

Dr. Hall jumped to his feet, but the determined demeanor of the Governor overawed him, if he did entertain hostile intentions. Governor Johnson then turned quietly on his heel and left the room.

At this period, Governor Johnson is spoken of as a model of abstemiousness. He never played cards for amusement or gain. He never indulged in drink on



ANDREW JOHNSON TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE IN THE SMALL PARLOR OF THE KIRKWOOD HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

Senator Foote, of Vermont; Senator Yates, of Illinois; Senator Ramsay, of Minnesota; Senator Stewart, of Nevada; Senator Hale, of New Hampshire; Gen. Farnsworth, of Illinois.

The oath, in the following words:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

was pronounced by the new President, in a clear, full voice, after which he addressed those present:

"Gentlemen, I must be permitted to say that I have been almost overwhelmed by the announcement of the sad event which has so recently occurred. I feel incompetent to perform duties so important and responsible as those which have been so unexpectedly thrown upon me. As to an indication of any policy which may be presented by me in the administration of the Government, I have to say that that must be left for development as the Administration progresses. The message or declaration must be made by the acts as they transpire. The only assurance that I can now give of the future is by reference to the past. The course which I have taken in the past in connection with this rebellion must be regarded as a guarantee of the future. My past public life, which has been long and laborious, has been founded as I, in good conscience believe, upon a great principle of right, which lies at the basis of all things. The best energies of my life have been spent in endeavoring to establish and perpetuate the principles of a free Government, and I believe that the Government, in passing through its present trials, will settle down upon principles consonant with popular rights, more permanent and enduring than heretofore. I must be permitted to say, if I understand the feelings of my own heart, I have long labored to ameliorate and alleviate the condition of the great mass of the American people. Toil and an honest advocacy of the principles of free Government have been my lot. The duties have been mine—the consequences are God's. This has been the foundation of my political creed. I feel that in the end the Government will triumph, and these great principles will be permanently established. In conclusion, gentlemen, let me say that I want your encouragement and countenance. I shall ask and rely upon you and others in carrying the Government through its present perils. I feel in making this request that it will be heartily responded to by you and all other patriots and lovers of the rights and interests of a free people."

At the conclusion of these remarks a few moments were devoted to conversation, but the terrible event of the past few days hung like a pall over every head, and cast a dark shadow over every face.

Those days have grown into history, and every word, look and action among those who were prominent in them will always be of deep and abiding interest.

In this light we produce them as national pictures, and worthy of careful preservation.

FIRST VISIT OF THE AMBASSADORS TO PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

The members of the diplomatic corps called upon President Johnson, at his rooms in the Treasury building, on the afternoon of the 20th of April, 1866. Sir Frederic Bruce, the new Minister from England, with his *attachés*, called a few minutes before the balance arrived, and presented his credentials. He was to have been presented to Mr. Lincoln at the White House the previous Saturday, but the untimely and tragical death of Mr. Lincoln on Friday night prevented his meeting him as had been arranged, and he was this morning introduced to President Johnson. They had a cordial interview for a few moments before the other ambassadors arrived. It was exceedingly cordial and pleasant on both sides.

Soon after the other representatives of the foreign

nations made their appearance, and marched through the long halls leading from the State Department, thence across the building through the hall leading from the middle entrance on the east side of the building to the Secretary of the Treasury's room, now occupied by the President. They were escorted by Mr.

Hunter, acting Secretary of State, he walking arm in arm with Baron Von Gerolt, Minister from Prussia. The following ambassadors were also present—M. Edvard de Stoeckl, Minister from Russia; Senor Don Tezara, Minister from Spain; Senor Luis Molina, Minister from Costa Rica; Col. W. R. Rasmussen, Minister

from Denmark; Col. Bertinatti, of Italy; Senor Matias Romero, of Mexico; Gen. Rustorgio Bulgar, of Colombia; Baron de Willebrandt, of Sweden; Baron Wydenbruck, of Austria; T. G. Asta Burnaga, of Chile; M. L. de Geofroy, *Chargé d'Affaires*, from France; Senor Barboya, *Chargé d'Affaires*, from Brazil; Mr. Rosing, *Chargé d'Affaires*, from the Hanseatic Republic; Alfred Berghmans, of Belgium, and Mr. Garcia, of Peru. They were mostly attended with their secretaries and other *attachés*, all arrayed in full court dress, most of them wearing the badge of mourning on their left arm.

The Minister from Portugal, and M. Von Limburg, of the Netherlands, were not present. Probably they did not receive notice of the intended visit.

Baron Von Gerolt read the following formal address of condolence, sympathy and good wishes of the representatives of the foreign governments under the present trying times:

ADDRESS OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

MR. PRESIDENT—The representatives of foreign nations have assembled here to express to your Excellency their feelings at the deplorable events of which they have been witness, to say how sincerely they share the national mourning for the cruel fate of the late President—Abraham Lincoln—and how deeply they sympathize with the government and people of the United States in their great affliction. With equal sincerity we tender to you, Mr. President, our best wishes for the welfare and prosperity of the United States, and for your personal health and happiness. May we be allowed, also, Mr. President, to give utterance, on this occasion, to our sincerest hopes for an early re-establishment of peace in this great country, and for the maintenance of the friendly relations between the government of the United States and the governments which we represent.

REPLY OF THE PRESIDENT.

To which the President replied:

GENTLEMEN OF THE DIPLOMATIC BODY—I heartily thank you, on behalf of the government and people of the United States, for the sympathy which you have so feelingly expressed upon the mournful events to which you refer. The good wishes also which you so kindly offer for the welfare and prosperity of the United States, and for my personal health and happiness, are gratefully received. Your hopes for the early restoration of peace in this country are cordially reciprocated by me. You may be assured that I shall leave nothing undone towards preserving those relations of friendship which now fortunately exist between the United States and all foreign powers.

THE FIRST CABINET MEETING

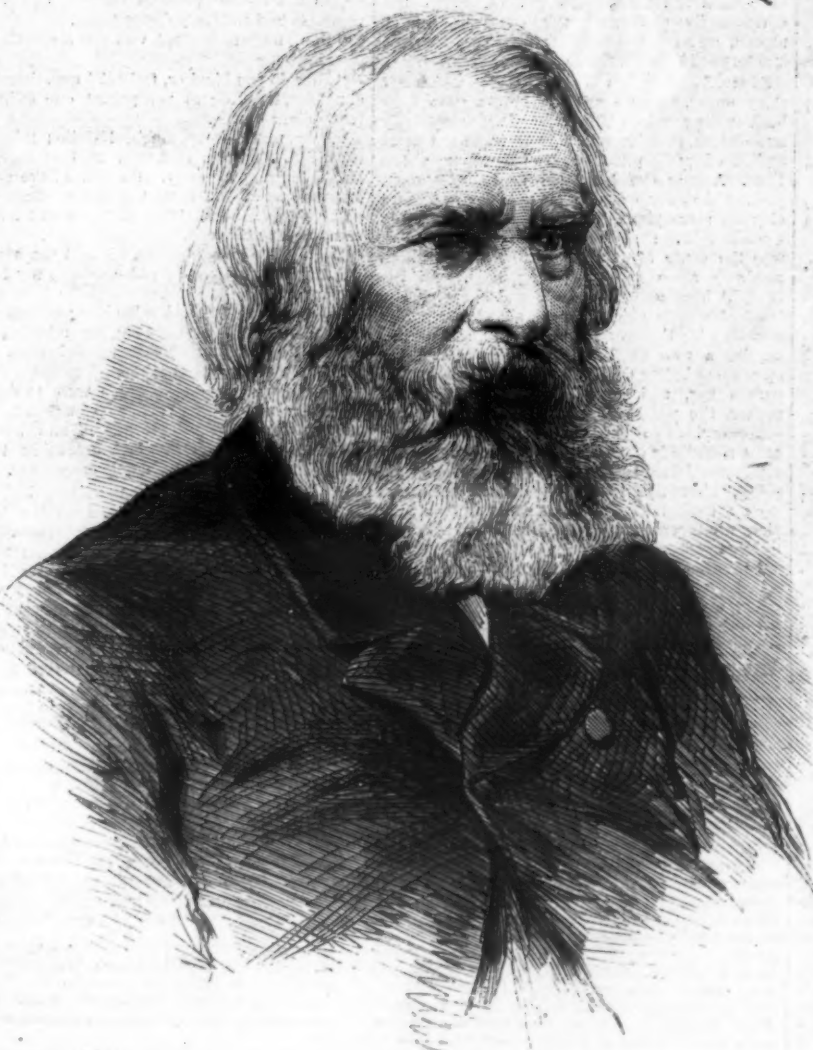
Under the Present Administration.

THIS most important event in the history of our country, an event which we perpetuate by a drawing taken on the spot, occurred at 10 o'clock, on the morning of April the 16th, Sunday, at the private office of Secretary McCullough.

At this meeting there was present President Johnson, Hugh McCullough, Secretary of the Treasury; Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War; Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy; William Dennison, Postmaster-General; J. P. Usher, Secretary of the Interior; and James Speed, Attorney-General.

That the necessity was urgent and the deliberation solemn, it is unnecessary to say. It was in the very midst of one of the most terrible of national calamities, and the country from one end to the other had been suddenly thrown into a state of mourning and agitation, from the very height of hope and rejoicing. The death of that great and good man, Abraham Lincoln, by the hand of the assassin, was an event well-calculated to overthrow even the calmest minds, and every man in authority stood upon his guard, for none knew how far the plot extended, or who might be the next victim.

These were the circumstances under which the first Cabinet meeting, under the present Administration, took place.



PROFESSOR HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

THROUGH THE CHURCHYARD RAILS.

BY J. W. WATSON.

With timid steps and downcast eyes,
She came beside my knee,
And stifling back a little sob,
My darling spoke to me.
"Papa, I'm very, very sad,
A thought comes in my head,
Suppose your tiny baby girl
Should be some morning dead?"

I caught the little prattling thing
Close to my throbbing breast,
And with my kisses wild and warm,
I hushed her into rest.
"Who taught you, darling, words like these,
To startle all my fear,
Who bade you think so sad a thing,
That Death should be so near?"

"Papa, none bade me think of death.
The thought is all my own,
It came this morning to my head
As we walked out alone.
We walked along the crowded street,
And by the churchyard rail,
And then came whispering in my ear,
This simple little tale.

"It said: look, Maggie, through the bars,
And see how many graves,
They lie in furrows, as the sea
Is furrowed by the waves.
Some rank with grass of many years,
And some are newly made;
The rich, the poor, the old and young,
All side by side are laid.

"I looked and marked the many rows,
As far as I could see,
And oh, Papa, I saw that some
Were shorter far than me.
And then I thought how sad a thing
'Twould be, Papa, for you,
If I should think that I would die
And that my thought came true.

"That on some dreary autumn time,
Perhaps like this to-day,
You walked beside the churchyard rails
And Maggie far away.
Away among the countless graves,
Of every shape and size,
And Papa by the iron bars,
With hot tears in his eyes."

The years have swept above my head,
Since those fond tones I heard,
And here beside the churchyard rail,
I think of every word.
The scalding tears are in my heart,
For Maggie lies within;
Oh, God! this crown you offer us
Is fearful hard to win.

MISS NATALIE'S FRENCH MAID.

MADemoiselle NATALIE VAUX sat opposite her father at an exceedingly dainty and well-ordered breakfast table; a frown upon her white forehead, a pout upon her pretty mouth.

At last her dissatisfaction and anger became so evident that her father, by no means a clever person, yet not entirely blind, observed it.

"What is annoying you, Natalie?"

At this question the young lady frowned still more ominously, then burst into a perfect tempest of sobs.

"Fanchon—that hateful—wretch—I won't—have her—another day!"

"My darling Natalie!" and the anxious father dropped his paper and stared at his daughter in a state of perfect bewilderment.

"Has Fanchon been impertinent? Don't cry, dear—we will dismiss her this very instant."

"Yes, father, I hate her."

The sobs became more violent, and the distressed gentleman made a rush at the bell, and rang it with the utmost energy. Then to the servant who answered it:

"Say to Fanchon that Miss Natalie does not require her services any longer, and that she is desired to leave the house immediately. Her luggage can be sent to any direction she may give, but tell her to go now."

If Vaux, père, had not had his face turned from his aggrieved daughter, as he issued this command, he might have been edified, by seeing a bright black eye, entirely innocent of a tear, gazing triumphantly out from behind the lace mouchoir pressed so convulsively to the fair face.

"Thank you, papa," in a grateful but still agitated voice; "that girl was the torment of my life. I haven't—spoken before, because you seemed to like her so much, but her insolence is something too great to be borne. I'm so glad—"

A flush of pleasure made the ruddy English cheeks of Mr. George Vaux still redder, and his voice was as triumphant as that peering eye had been a moment before, as he said:

"Thanks, Natalie, for such a proof of your affection. I did like the girl, but if I had known that she was annoying you she should not have stayed in the house another minute. Why didn't you speak before, child?" Here he paused, then went on hastily, as if a long sought-for chance had presented itself, "I hope you have not forgotten that Mr. Gilbert comes to-night for his answer." Another pause, and an accession of melo-dramatic sternness to the voice. "You know, Natalie, that your future prospects depend upon your decision. If you refuse so good a husband as Mr. Gilbert, it must be for the sake of that vagabond of an artist. And—with rising indignation—"you needn't think to make me revoke my decision, either. I met the rascal

in the street to-day, and told him that if he ever dared to set his foot inside my door again, I would thrash him within an inch of his life. So, do you hear, no hopes in that quarter!"

And having worked himself up into a towering rage, Mr. George Vaux stalked from the room.

It was rather remarkable that all this dictation and anger produced so slight an effect upon a person of Miss Natalie's temper. No sooner had the door closed behind her father than she sprang to her feet, put her handkerchief in her pocket, smiled gaily, hummed a little tune, and danced out of the room by another door.

That night, arrayed in her daintiest fashion, and in the best possible spirits, the young lady astonished her old and almost discouraged lover by murmuring a soft "yes" to his proposal of marriage, instead of the stern "no," he had expected. Her father was equally astonished and delighted, so much so, indeed, that he presented her that night with a deed which entitled her to five thousand a year for the remainder of her life—not so much, to be sure, but still enough to keep one, perhaps two, from starving.

From that all was peace between father and daughter, so long at variance, for this marriage had been a mooted question for over six months. The father insisting upon so desirable a match, the daughter rebelling against the ugly face and forty years of her suitor. Perhaps Miss Natalie was not altogether to blame—we should have said responsible—for her dislike to Mr. Gilbert, since to an artistic nature like hers—which had been assiduously cultivated—what could have been more disagreeable than the idea of a lover and a husband, whose eyes were of a pale green, whose nose was always pinched and blue, and whose general appearance suggested the idea of a miserable half-starved chicken standing out in the cold.

In contrast to this visage, so continually thrust upon her notice, Miss Natalie was forced in self-defence to contemplate that of her teacher—a handsome young man of twenty-five. And was she to blame for liking to look at that winsome face? Can you censure her, that as she watched him day by day, as their hands touched, their eyes met, their voices mingled, she grew to love him only as such black-eyed resolute women do love?

You ask if Miss Natalie saw no other men but these two? Most certainly she did. Young, pretty, rich, she moved in the best circles, but among all her admirers she found none so handsome, so noble as the artist, who came twice a week to give her lessons in oil painting. In the course of time Miss Natalie's father grew suspicious, insisted on being present at two or three lessons, watched the two young people with sharp eyes, and drew his own conclusion. The result was that he forbade his daughter to continue her artistic pursuits, for an indefinite length of time, alleging that her health suffered thereby.

With many black looks and many displays of temper, Miss Natalie obeyed, but beyond a certain point her father could not control her. He had forbidden her to take lessons of the artist, Esmond Hillyar, but he could not compel her to be courteous to the millionaire, Isaiah Gilbert. Neither could he prevent chance (?) meetings in the street, at the theatre, in picture galleries, with the same troublesome artist. Neither could he control the United States Mail, which not unfrequently performed the office of carrier pigeon, and conveyed tender epistles backward and forward between the two lovers.

So stood matters on the morning on which our story opens. As we are too fast, we must go back to the previous afternoon. It was precisely five o'clock, and Miss Natalie Vaux, in the most stylish of pony phaetons, rolled through the Park. Among the hundreds of lovely women present that June afternoon, not one was more elegant, more piquant, more admired than this same Natalie. Perhaps the consciousness of this was the cause of the very brilliant idea which suddenly came to the young lady. As she thought became well defined and shapely, she laughed a little gleeful laugh, struck her ponies smartly with the ivory-handled whip, and dashed on like a whirlwind. Just as she reached the open space before the Casino, a gentleman on foot passed her, and bowed deferentially. In an instant the ponies were checked, the equipage stationary. The gentleman turned back and came to the side of the carriage.

"Esmond," said the young lady, hurriedly yet softly, "I have a plan; come closer, dear, and listen; such a capital idea!" and in a few moments the plan, whatever it was, was unfolded, and approved by her handsome listener.

Again the ponies felt the whip, and the phaeton rolled on, out of the park, through street after street, until at last it drew up before the door of her own stately home.

That night as the clock struck one, that very door opened noiselessly, and a slight tall figure, well disguised by the brown cloak enveloping it, stole out, glided down the marble steps, joined another figure, that had been stationary for the last half hour. A few rods further down the street, and the two turning a corner disappeared. An hour afterwards the two figures came back and bade each other a hasty adieu at the foot of the marble steps.

Perhaps the printer, who passed at that instant, hurrying home from the hot and crowded press-room, was mistaken, or was still dreaming of the story he had just been "setting up." Be this as it may, upon reaching home, he declared to his better half, that "he passed in—the street a man and a woman, who stood at the foot of a flight of white marble steps. This was nothing strange to be sure, but it was strange that as the man turned to go, the woman stretched out hastily a hand, white as snow, and glittering with jewels, saying, tenderly, something about 'to-morrow—bless you, my husband—Fanchon—letter of recommendation—French cap—speak low,'" and

still more of the same kind that he could not understand or hear, for the man, seeing that they were watched, suddenly turned and walked away.

Now, my dear reader, we have brought you safely to the opening of the story, even to detailing the events that occurred a few hours before.

To continue. You have already learned that the offending maid has been dismissed, and that Miss Natalie, strange to say, has accepted her old suitor, and is, apparently, in the best of spirits.

The next morning an advertisement appeared in the papers, wherein it was set forth that a French or Swiss maid, highly recommended, was required immediately by a lady who was soon to make the tour of Europe, and wished the said maid to accompany her.

Need we say that the lady was Miss Natalie, and that the tour was to take place immediately after the wedding?

The young advertiser remained at home that morning, and went through the ordeal of receiving and reviewing six Gallic damsels, emulous of the honor of waiting upon "Mademoiselle Vaux."

None met her approval, however, and the next day, as fate would have it, mademoiselle's father declared himself too unwell to go down town, and desired Natalie to receive the applicants in the library, in which retreat he had ensconced himself for the day. There was no help for it, so she yielded with a good grace, and sat beside him for over an hour, reading in a voice suspiciously monotonous. It was evident that she was trying to read her father to sleep.

It was labor thrown away, however, for at the first ring of the bell that sagacious gentleman opened his eyes—which his daughter had fondly imagined to be closed in sleep—coughed, sat up, and observed, in a tone of great self-congratulation:

"How fortunate, Natalie, that I happen to be home. I am a great judge of character, and may prevent you from engaging some swindling girl who would rob you right and left, ahem!"

Miss Natalie was not at all nervous, but as she heard this speech, her face flushed and her hand trembled.

Scarcely had the pompous "ahem!" died upon the air before the library door was opened, and a dapper little figure ushered in—a *bourgeoise* copy of Mademoiselle Vaux herself.

Notwithstanding all her very evident qualifications, and unexceptionable references, Miss Vaux did not appear to fancy her, and she was dismissed with a wave of the father's diamonded hand. Half an hour elapsed, then came another ring, another applicant was announced, and conducted in.

The advent of this person was greeted, on the part of the father, by an involuntary "What a giantess!" on that of the daughter by a quick drawn breath, and then an approving smile.

Truly, the applicant was not an ordinary looking individual. Very tall, rather stout, but well formed, with dark hair, combed modestly down over her ears, and almost covered by a French peasant's cap; white, even teeth, a brown complexion, and large blue eyes that had a strangely "out of place" look in that dark face. Notwithstanding a certain *gaucherie* in dress and general appearance, the woman was very handsome, and promised to be still more so when tastefully dressed.

"Do you speak English?" inquired Miss Natalie, in the coolest possible manner, for her nervousness had suddenly disappeared.

"Non, mademoiselle," was the respectful answer.

"How do you like her, father?" questioned the daughter, levelling at her parent one swift and triumphant glance.

"Very much—very much, Natalie; take her, my child. There's character in that face, nobility, decision, sagacity. I'd rather have such a woman around you than a dozen of these silly, chattering magpies. Why, Fanchon was nothing compared to this one."

During this eulogium, both Miss Vaux and the woman kept their eyes perseveringly fixed upon the carpet.

When it was finished, a lively conversation—in French—ensued between future mistress and maid. As a matter of course, its burden must have been on the part of the mistress, at least, an explanation of the duties which were to devolve upon the maid. But Vaux, père, was totally ignorant of the French language, and he soon wearied of a dialogue in which he could not join, and whose subject he could only conjecture.

As may be imagined, it was not long before he intimated this fact to his daughter, thereby bringing the interview to an abrupt termination.

Ma'amsele Alixe—so she gave her name—was sent upstairs, and in a few moments Miss Natalie followed, her black eyes dancing suspiciously.

Time went on. The wedding was to take place in September. The gay Natalie grew suddenly quiet and fond of home. When rallied on the subject, she avowed that she had conceived a great aversion to balls and parties, and found much more happiness in staying soberly in her own domicile. They were all very happy there apparently. The father was all smiles, the daughter growing lovelier day by day, the old lover—though by no means overwhelmed with tenderness by his fiancée—radiant from present and anticipated happiness.

The French Alixe was a great favorite in the house. Impossibly handsome, marvellously silent, always attentive and sweet-tempered, she won the love and respect of both master and servants. As for her young mistress, she seemed perfectly bewitched with her new attendant. Hour after hour the two passed together, apparently well satisfied to be in each other's society. To be sure, the maid rarely spoke, and when she did it was in so low a voice that you had to listen carefully to catch her meaning.

Never was lover more devoted to the service of his beloved than this woman to that of Miss Vaux. The young lady neither moved nor spoke that

those piercing eyes were not fixed upon her. Every wish was anticipated, every want gratified. A keen observer might have discovered that at the sound of Miss Natalie's approaching feet, or the lightest murmur of her voice, a sudden flush would make the dark cheek still darker, and cause the blue eyes to ambush themselves in the long, golden lashes.

A strange woman—a woman, about whose simplest action hung a mystery, an oddity, that only caused her to be more prized and admired.

One evening Mr. Vaux made the following observation to his daughter:

"Natalie, my dear, it appears to me—I don't know—very likely I am wrong—but it really strikes me that I have seen Alixe somewhere before. She reminds me of some one. Who can it be? A gentleman, I think."

The young lady opened her eyes to their widest extent, and Alixe herself, who was just leaving the room, cup and saucer in hand, started so violently that the two morsels of china fell from her fingers, and were dashed into a hundred pieces.

"Peste! quel dommage!" murmured the careless girl, coolly picking up the fragments.

The diversion was effectual, and the subject dropped.

But what could have agitated Mademoiselle Alixe?

September had almost arrived—the house was in confusion from morning till night. Dressmakers reigned supreme, milliners became of importance. Miss Natalie was wanted constantly to "try on" this or that garment, and, it is needless to say, looked lovely in all. Shopping was the order of the day, and in most of these expeditions Alixe accompanied her young mistress.

But one incident occurred to mar the general happiness.

Alixe had obtained leave of absence for three days, as she was to go to Europe with Miss Natalie, after her marriage, and naturally had a desire to visit her friends before leaving. On the afternoon of the third day Miss Vaux went shopping, as usual, and returned at six. At eight the bell rang, and a letter was brought upstairs, directed to "Mister Vo."

"Is an answer desired?" inquired the gentleman so named, with an amused smile.

"No, sir; a man brought it, and said I was to give it to you immediately, then walked off, sir, like a steam-engine," and James retreated, greatly pleased with his metaphor.

Mr. Vaux turned the doubtful-looking epistle over and over, with many an expression of wonder, then tore open the envelope, and, extracting a soiled sheet of paper, began the perusal of the forlorn-looking lines written therein.

As he read a frown gathered upon his forehead, and his hands trembled with evident passion. The two who sat opposite, Natalie and her old lover, watched him with amazement—nay, more than that, on the part of the young lady, at least. Astonishment alone could not have driven the rose flush from the soft, dark cheek, or caused the traitorous little heart to beat so swiftly and loudly, that it was a great wonder neither of her companions heard it.

"Girl," thundered the hot-tempered father, as he finished the delectable epistle, "where were you this afternoon?"

The color came back to lip and cheek. Miss Natalie's bright eyes flashed ominously.

"Sir?"

"He had gone too far."

"Where were you this afternoon?" in a stern but much modified voice.

"At the ——— Gallery."

A look of surprise on the part of her questioner; he had evidently expected a denial.

"Were you alone?"

"I went alone."

"Whom did you meet there?"

"Alixe."

"Are you telling me the truth?"

Miss Natalie's face grew as pale as her father's was red. She turned to her bewildered suitor with an abruptness that almost terrified him out of his few remaining wits.

"Ring the bell," she said, imperiously.

A servant came.

"Has Alixe arrived?"

"No, miss; but we expect her every moment."

"Send her here the very instant she comes."

"Yes, miss."

The servant closed the door, Miss Natalie seated herself by the window, and a dead silence ensued. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, then a step in the hall, and the door was opened hastily. In the doorway stood Mademoiselle Alixe, calm yet defiant.

Miss Natalie did not move, she only said:

"Question her."

Mr. Vaux by this time had grown a little awkward and confused.

"When did you see your mistress last?"

An almost imperceptible sneer flitted over the handsome face of Mademoiselle Alixe.

"This afternoon, sir, in the ——— Gallery."

"How rapidly her English had improved!"

"You may go."

One swift glance at the motionless form and scornful face of Miss Vaux, and the waiting-maid left the room.

"Are you satisfied, sir?"

The father winced beneath the bitter tongue of the daughter, and his only answer was a step towards self-defence. He handed her the letter.

"Mister Vo," it began, "I am a friend of yours, and don't like to see you cheated by your daughter, Natalie. I know that she is engaged to be married to Mr. Isaiah Gilbert, but it isn't for love of him I tell you what I'm going to—It's for your sake. Perhaps you haven't forgotten that six months ago your daughter was very sweet to Mr. Esmond Hillyar, a young man that gave her painting lessons, and was in love with her. I suppose you heard, too, that when it was said Miss Vaux was going to marry rich old Gilbert, Mr. Hillyar went to England. Well, perhaps he did, I don't know anything about it; but I do know that this very

afternoon your daughter was sitting in one of the little side-rooms of the — Gallery, with a gentleman beside her, who had his arm around her waist, and who kissed her a dozen times. They thought they were alone, for almost everybody had gone, but I was lookin' at 'em, and if that fellow wasn't Hillyar, the painter, then I haven't got eyes. He looked very different, somehow, but I know it was him, and I think it my duty to write and let you know.

Miss Natalie tossed the letter from her with a scornful laugh.

"I was there this afternoon, father," she said, "but I spoke to no one, saw no one that I knew, except Alixe. About a week ago I went to the gallery with some friends, and lost a bracelet. I told Alixe, and to-day she went to inquire about it. So you see there was nothing very astonishing in the fact of our meeting."

Mr. Vaux had grown excessively red during this speech. At its conclusion he left his seat and walked to the window.

"Natalie," he said, and he spoke as if every word choked him, "forgive me; you know that I love you very much, but I couldn't bear the idea of your cheating me under my very nose, and you to be married in two weeks. I couldn't bear to think that you would have so little consideration for my feelings—so little love for me."

Miss Natalie received this apology even a little more ungraciously than it was made. Once she opened her lips as if to reply, then closed them again, as if in self-demotion. If she had spoken, it would have been after this fashion:

"Had you any consideration for my feelings, any love for me, when you separated me from the man I loved and endeavored to force me to become the wife of one I hated? And all because one was rich and the other was not, and your pride forbade my becoming the wife of a poor artist. You did not need the money; if you had, it would have been some excuse for you, but you wanted to make me an instrument of your own glorification; you wanted to have the millionaire, Isaiah Gilbert, for your son-in-law, even if your daughter's heart was broken in making him so."

The 5th of September came, and the day following had been fixed for the marriage. Father and child were as good friends, apparently, as ever. The ceremony was to take place at ten o'clock, and the steamer which was to bear them to Europe sailed at twelve. Night came. Natalie, thoroughly exhausted by the day's excitement and bustle, stepped into her father's room to say good-night.

"Is everything ready, Natalie?"

"Yes, sir, the luggage is all on board. Everything is arranged. Good-night, papa."

Perhaps Miss Natalie had expected some tender little word, some caress, on this the last night she might ever spend beneath his roof, for she lingered, as if loth to go, a faint color fluttering into her cheeks, a certain agitation in her manner; but Mr. Vaux was not a sentimental man, and only answered her with an absent

"You will be worth two millions, my dear, and who knows how soon you will be a widow. Mr. Gilbert's health is not very good," and the father laughed coolly at the supposition.

An unmistakable expression of disgust and indignation swept over Natalie Vaux's face, as, without making any reply to this observation, she turned and left the room.

Morning dawned, bright and beautiful. The ceremony was to take place at ten, and at eight the bride had not emerged from her room. Sundry knocks and calls had been of no effect in rousing either mistress or maid, and as the doors of their respective apartments were locked, it was impossible to ascertain the cause of this strange non-appearance.

As the clock struck eight, the anxious father himself mounted the stairs, and pounded with his own heavy fist upon the door leading to his daughter's room.

No answer.

"Bring an axe," cried the agitated man, a cold perspiration breaking out upon his forehead.

The axe was brought, and in five minutes the door, though bolted and barred, was forced open, and the anxious crowd of servants, headed by their master, rushed in.

Oh, what a peaceful room! so quiet, so dainty, so empty!

Through the curtains of rose-colored silk the September sunshine poured, in sheets of misty gold; a faint perfume was in the air; in the window bloomed a perfect garden of ferns and mosses, and over all was the charm, the traces of a woman's ownership and recent presence.

Certainly recent, for although the room was then vacant, the dress Miss Natalie had worn the previous evening drooped over a chair, and upon another was Ma'am'selle Alixe's unvarying black silk gown.

This was not all. Upon the inlaid toilet table reposed a white object. It was a letter, directed to "Mr. George Vaux." With trembling hand and pale lips, the foiled and almost distracted man tore open the envelope and read:

DEAR FATHER—When you read this letter I shall be many miles out at sea with my husband, Esmond Hillyar. I have been Mrs. Hillyar since last June, and even if that had not been the case I could never have married the man whom you have selected for me. I offer no excuses for what I am about to do—what I have done. I consider myself justified in the sight of heaven. I take with me only my simplest clothes, and the small legacy left me by my aunt. It will be enough to support us in Rome—for we are going there. I take Alixe with me, yet I have no French maid. Alixe and my husband are one. Adieu, my father. Your loving daughter,

NATALIE HILLYAR.

A steamer had sailed for France at four o'clock that morning, and in it Mrs. Hillyar and her French maid—that is, her husband—had taken passage.

It is not quite as dangerous to be snatched at by a dog as by a gun.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO KING CHRISTMAS.

Here's a health to King Christmas, to merry King Christmas,

With his mistletoe, holly and bay;

His fun-dimpled old face, his good homely old ways,

His jests and his laughter gay.

Light-hearted let's meet him, and right joyously greet him,

And all loyally treat him whilst here;

Old Harry December, his advent, remember,

Come round but once in a year.

For the songs that he sings us, the friends that he brings us,

And his stores of provisions and fun;

With hearts light and merry let's toast him in sherry,

Let's drink to him every one.

Here's a health to King Christmas, to merry King Christmas,

With his mistletoe, holly and bay;

His fun-dimpled old face, his good homely old ways,

His jests and his laughter gay.

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

In the present day, a man may have reasonable hope that his body will be allowed to rest quietly in its appointed grave. But it was not so formerly; and men who would hardly like to be considered more than middle-aged can recall the days when the *Resurgam* Homes, as they styled themselves, or Body-snatchers and Resurrectionists, as they were called by the outer world, carried on a flourishing trade.

In the ancient practice of surgery, anatomy was little regarded, and the corpses of murderers and other criminals afforded a sufficient supply of "subjects" for the few students who held that examination of the dead human body was absolutely necessary; but towards the close of the 18th century, the progress of surgical science on the Continent, and the discoveries of John Hunter in England, caused men to turn their attention more and more to the study of nature; hence arose an increased demand for subjects, and the resurrectionists came forward to meet it.

The graveyards in the more outlying parts of the cities were their usual haunts, and from these, in spite of every precaution, they carried off bodies innumerable. In many instances, the gravediggers, sextons, and persons appointed to take care of the burial-grounds, were in the pay of the body-snatchers, and would leave their gates unlocked, and turn their backs when the deed was being accomplished.

So little confidence did the public have in these official guardians, that in many instances the friends of the deceased person were wont to keep watch, night after night, by the side of the grave, until such time had elapsed as to render the body no longer fit for the purposes of the surgeon. Even their kindly vigilance was too often baffled. A very short period of inattention was sufficient for the resurrectionists, whose boast it was that they could remove a body from a grave of the ordinary depth in 45 minutes. They never removed the whole of the earth from the grave, but simply dug a hole at the head of the coffin, until it was bared to view. Inserting a peculiarly shaped crowbar between the lid and the coffin, they prized up the lid, which generally broke in two from the superincumbent weight of earth. The body was then drawn out, stripped of its clothing, and carried away in a sack. The body-snatchers were most particular in replacing every article of clothing in the grave, and merely carried off the naked corpse. The reason for this was, that body-snatching was by the law merely a misdemeanor; but taking the clothing was felony, and would have subjected them to transportation. They were extremely careful also to replace everything in the grave in the same order as they had found it.

The friends of the departed were in the habit of putting private marks on the grave, to discover whether it had been desecrated; such as a piece of stick, a flower, or an oyster-shell. These were replaced with the most rigorous exactitude; and consequently many a mourning survivor, fondly believing that the grave still contained the remains of his beloved one, while in reality it was only tenanted by an empty coffin. Spring-guns were occasionally set in the churchyards, but without avail. During the daytime, the resurrectionists sent a female member of their fraternity into the place, for the purpose of observing where the pegs were fixed to which at night the wires would be attached; therefore, when night came, they easily found the pegs, and feeling their way cautiously along the wires, they removed the loaded weapon, and pursued their avocation in security.

The surgeons were not without their share of risk in these affairs, as they frequently had to take the bodies from the houses of the resurrectionists to the hospital. On one occasion, a student was conveying a subject, carefully packed in a hamper, in a hackney-coach, from one hospital to another. To his surprise and alarm, the coach stopped in front of the police office. The coachman descended from his box, and putting his face in at the window, said in a low but significant tone:

"Sir, my fare to the place you want to go to is \$10, unless you wish to be put down here."

The student took the hint, and paid the money.

The leading men among the resurrectionists were wont to strut about the dissecting-rooms, and give themselves no small airs. At the commencement of a certain session, one Murphy, a noted character, presented himself before the house-surgeon. After some unimportant conversation, he said:

"Well, doctor, this season I must have \$100 down, and \$46 for every 'thing' I bring you."

"(Thing" was the cant phrase for "body.")

"Nonsense," replied the surgeon; "'tis downright extortion. I shall employ some one else."

"Very well, sir," said Murphy, turning on his heel; "but you won't be able to do without us."

The event proved that Murphy was right. The new men were either bribed off by the old gang, or else were exposed and detected by the police; so the doctors, in despair, were obliged to re-employ Mr. Murphy.

Here is a genuine extract from a diary kept by one of these gentlemen's fraternity:

"Dec. 24, 1811.—At 12 midnight, party went to — got three small. Came back, and got two large at —. Came home, then settled at Ben's. Each man's share, \$48 75. Friday 27.—Went to look out. Came home; met Ben and Dan. Went to Harp's; got one large; took it to Jack's house. Jack, Bill and Tom met with us, getting drunk. Saturday 28, 4 A. M.—Whole party to Guy's and St. Thomas's crib; got six; took

them to St. Thomas's; packed up three for —; took one over to Guy's."

The two kings of this unhallowed craft—for it was in but a few hands—were the above-mentioned Murphy and one Patrick. The following story is told of the latter, as a specimen of his untiring activity.

He was one day strolling about a country village, with nothing particular to do, when he heard that a female body, supposed to be that of a pauper from the workhouse, had been found in the canal, and was then lying in the stable of an adjoining public-house. Having always an eye to business, he entered the public-house, called for a glass of ale, and entered into conversation with the stable-boy, who remarked:

"Catch me sitting up with another dead body."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Patrick.

"Because, last time, the parish officer gave me next to nothing for my trouble."

Patrick chuckled inwardly, and apparently out of pure absence of mind, began playing with the lock of the stable door. He presently left, and went straight up to the city. He returned the same night with a trusty friend and a bunch of keys.

Next morning, a jury of 12 honest fellows was impanelled by the coroner. After hearing a certain amount of evidence, the coroner said:

"Now, then, gentlemen, if you please, we will view the body."

The boy led the way into the stable; a cloth which covered some object in an empty stall was removed, and disclosed to the eyes of the astonished jury a truss of straw!

On another occasion, a footman, who was acquainted with Patrick, informed him that his master was dead, and that he thought something could be done with the body. Patrick declined to have anything to do with the affair, until the coffin was screwed down, which was accordingly done on Saturday night, the funeral being ordered for the following day. The footman and Patrick then removed the body, placed it in the garden, and filled up the coffin with earth. Patrick actually attended the funeral, and afterwards stated that he could not help smiling when the clergymen alluded to "our dear departed brother."

A number of persons who died in the metropolitan workhouses had no relations or friends near at hand, and Mr. Patrick took advantage of this circumstance to assume a variety of disguises, and boldly claim the bodies of the deceased. He was aided in this scheme by one Conchman, a strong, broad-shouldered fellow, who was employed by Patrick to carry the subjects to the hospitals. This system had been carried on at the workhouse with great success for some time, when Murphy, the rival monarch of the *resurgam* homes, grew jealous at Patrick's prosperity. By plying Conchman with drink, he wormed out the whole of the secret from him, and advised him to inform the board of guardians of the affair, as they would reward him handsomely. Conchman accordingly turned traitor, and Patrick was arrested by the police, but eventually discharged for want of sufficient evidence.

On another occasion, Murphy and Patrick were working amicably together as partners in a most lucrative undertaking. There was a private burial-ground belonging to two old women, who resided in a cottage hard by. They employed one Whackett as gravedigger and watchman. Messrs. Murphy and Patrick concluded an arrangement with this man, by which the graveyard was placed at their disposal. Whackett used to leave the gate unbolted, provided them with a private key, and even made secret marks on such graves as he deemed it advisable to rifle, for the purpose of guiding them in their nightly rambles. Unfortunately, however, two rival resurrectionists, named Vaughan and Hollis, got scent of the affair, and calling one day upon Whackett, threatened to expose him unless he gave them a share in the job. Whackett made no reply, but crossing immediately over to a public-house which was full of laborers, shouted out to the assembled company:

"Do you see those two men? They are body-snatchers, and have come to bribe me to let them rob the graveyard."

The laborers, excited to fury by these words, rushed out, and chased Hollis and Vaughan for their lives. The baffled scoundrels, in revenge, went before a magistrate, and told him that if he examined the burial-ground at Holywell, he would find the graves in numerous instances despoiled of their dead. The rumor spread, crowds of people assembled, the graves were opened, and found tenantless. The mob were enraged beyond measure; they gutted Whackett's house completely, dragged his wife and children through a horsepond, and seizing Whackett, attempted to bury him alive. The miserable wretch was half suffocated when he was rescued by the constables. Even the two aged proprietress, who were totally innocent of the whole affair, had their windows broken.

FEEDING THE KITTENS—EARLY MORNING.

FOR the perpetuation of art, of whatever country, we give this week a fine engraving from that beautiful picture by H. Kretschner, of Berlin, one of the most popular genre painters of the age.

The scene is provincial Germany, and the costume that of a young peasant girl. The time is early morn, and the young litter of pets are taking a frugal breakfast under the supervision of the little mistress; while the ancient tabby, with a satisfied smirk, sits in the background and overlooks the entire matter, thoroughly understanding that she is at the bottom of it all.

These reminders of art are well worthy preservation in any portfolio or album, and do more to refine public taste than all the lectures and art schools of the world.

THE TOMB OF BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH FRANKLIN.

THE ground on which is the tomb of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, his beloved wife, belongs to Christ Church, of the city of Philadelphia. The church is situated in 2d, between Market and Arch streets. The property on which the church stands was bought by them in 1695, just thirteen years after the city was founded, and when the population numbered only 3,000 souls. The first interments were made upon this church ground, but as the city and the congregation increased, it was found necessary to secure a larger lot, and one was got in 1719, on the corner of 5th and Arch streets, then the suburbs of the city, and in this ground lie the Franklin remains.

For a long time this ground was the principal burying-place of the city, and there all the principal Philadelphia families can point to the graves of their ancestors. The earliest date shown upon the tombstones is 1721, but burials are known to have been made there during the year it was first bought.

Apart from the grave of Franklin, and others of great interest, whose tombs are pointed out to visitors, there are deposited in this ground the remains of several

prominent individuals of the past. The records of the church disclose the fact that Peyton Randolph, the first President of Congress, was buried here on the 24th of October, 1775; and again, that Francis Hopkinson, one of the most distinguished patriots of the Revolution, was interred here on the 11th of May, 1791; yet a careful search affords no clue to their resting-place, as no tablets mark their graves. In the church building, also, there have been several interments without a memorial. The records of the year 1759 state that Brigadier-General Forbes died on the 16th of March of that year, and was buried in Christ Church, but there is no stone marking the locality.

The *Pennsylvania Gazette*, of the 15th of March, 1759, furnishes the following information: "On Sunday last, died of a tedious illness, John Forbes, Esq., in the 49th year of his age, son to — Forbes, Esq., of Potomac, in the shire of Fife, in Scotland, Brigadier-General, Colonel of the 17th Regiment of foot, and Commander of His Majesty's troops in the Southern Provinces of North America. Yesterday he was interred in the chancel of Christ Church, in this city."

The locality of Franklin's tomb is in a retired part of the grounds, and the grave, until recently, could only be visited with difficulty; but in the year 1858 a portion of the wall next to it was taken down, and an iron railing substituted, so that a view of the grave can now readily be obtained without entering the grounds. Standing on Arch street, the grave is on the north-west corner of the ground, parallel with Arch street.

The plain appearance of the tomb must strike every one as unworthy of the memory of Franklin, over whose remains one would naturally look for an imposing monument commemorative of his worth; but the stone, as seen here, is such as was contemplated by him before his death, and particularly ordered in his will. The following is an extract from the codicil of his will, dated 23d June, 1789, the year before his death: "I wish to be buried by the side of my wife, if it may be, and that a marble stone, to be made by Chambers, six feet long, four feet wide, plain, with only a small moulding round the upper edge, and this inscription:

BENJAMIN
and
DEBORAH
FRANKLIN.
1790."

This is the style of setting on the tomb now, but it is very much defaced or beaten by the storm.

The records of the church state that Deborah Franklin was buried here 23d December, 1774, and Benjamin Franklin on the 18th of April, 1790. The headstone on the left hand side, at the head of the tomb, has the following inscription:

FRANCIS F.,
son of
BENJAMIN and DEBORAH FRANKLIN,
Deceased Nov. 21st, 1736,
Aged 4 years 1 month and 4 days.

That on the right side:

In Memory of
JOHN READ,
who departed this life
September 12th, 1724,
Aged 47 years.

The tomb adjoining that of Franklin, to the left, is that of

RICHARD }
and } BACHEL
SARAH }
1811.

The statements given above are mostly taken from the vestry records.

A MONKEY MASS MEETING.—We mounted the horses, and were soon at the spot indicated by the sows. There were not so many as had been represented; but I am speaking very far within bounds when I state that there could not have been fewer than eight thousand, and some of them of an enormous size. I could scarcely have believed that there were so many monkeys in the world if I had not visited Benares, and heard of the tribes at Gwalior. The sticks, which were thrown together in a heap, formed a very large stack of wood.

"What is this?" my friend said to one of the Brahmins, for since his appointment he had never heard of this gathering of apes.

"It is a festival of theirs, Sahib," was the reply. "Just as Hindoos, at stated times, go to Hurdwar, Hagpore, and other places, so do these monkeys come to this holy place."

"And how long do they stay?"

"Two or three days; then, they go away to their homes in different parts of the country; then, attend to their business for four or five years; then, come again and do festival, and so on, sir, to the end of all time. You see that very tall monkey there, with two smaller ones on either side of him?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, that is a very old monkey. His age is more than twenty years, I think. I first saw him fifteen years ago. He was then full-grown. His native place is Meerut. He lives with the Brahmins at the Sooria Khan, near Meerut. The smaller ones are his sons, sir. They have never been here before; and you see he is showing them all about the place, like a very good father."

A SISTER.—He who has never known a sister's kind ministrations, nor felt his heart warmed beneath her endearing smile and love-beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom more sluggishly, or if the gentler emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of manhood.

"That man has grown up among kind and affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark.

"And why do you think so?" said I.

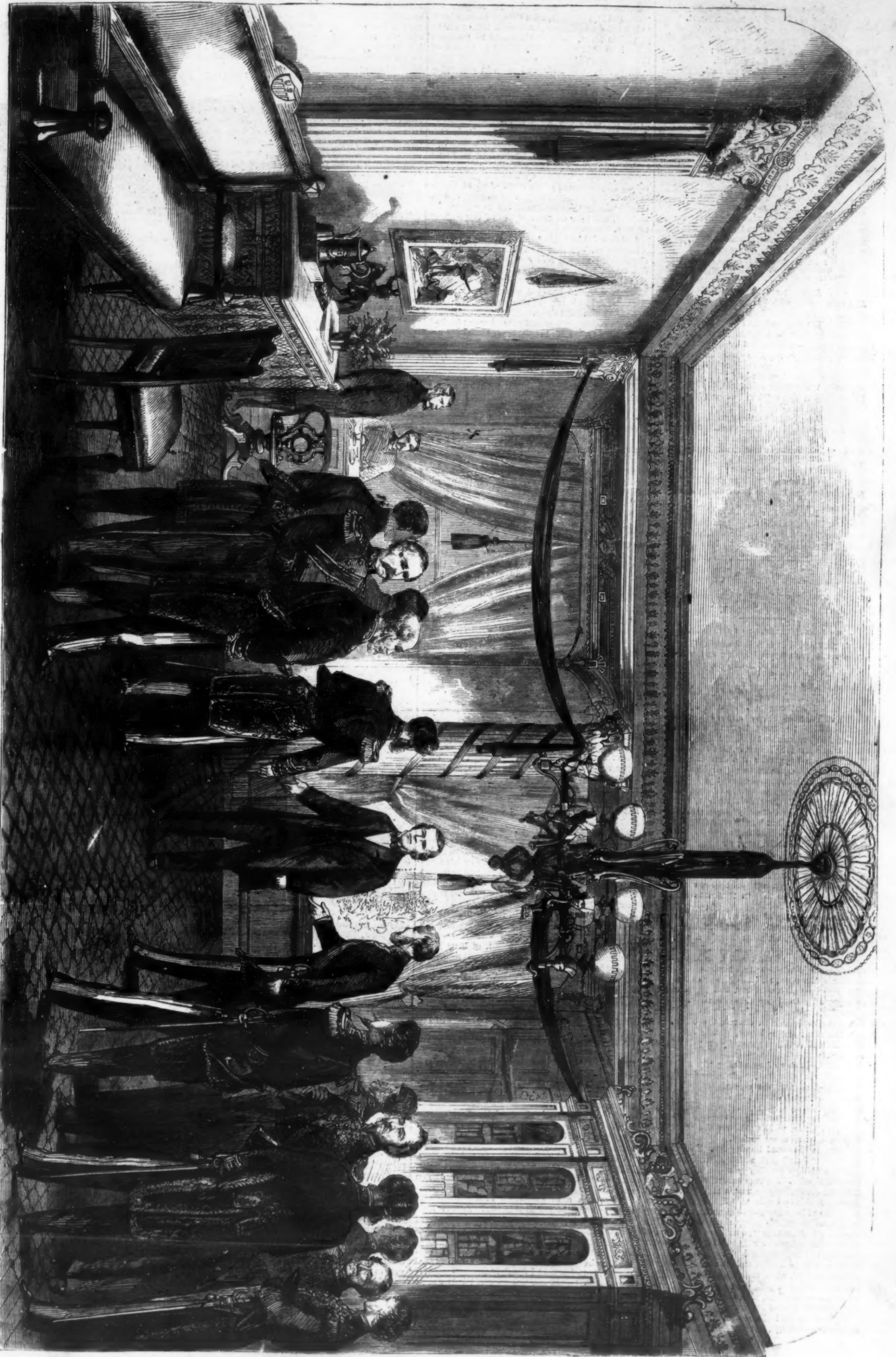
"Because of the rich development of all the tender and more refined feelings of the heart, which is so apparent in every action, in every word."

A sister's influence is felt, even in manhood's later years, and the heart of him who has grown cold in its chilling contact with the world, will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some incident awakens within him the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice. And he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influences which moved him in his earlier years.

WHAT ARE WOMEN TO DO?—Men are educated to trades, crafts, or professions; men are taught to rely on themselves, solely; men have that elasticity of material that adapts itself to almost any shape or form. If Jones can't make money by trying cases before the bar, Jones can at least be a carpenter, or invent a machine for the furtherance of perpetual motion. He is never at a loss. But all this, which is regularly taught to men, women have to find out for themselves. Nevertheless, they can find it out, if they only have the chance. The pressure is so great that the escape-valve must spring open. Women cannot creditably be allowed to starve in a civilized country. They may be worked to death, or worn to death, by incessant care and suffering, and no legal courts will interfere. But starving is quite an inadmissible thing. It wouldn't sound well in the papers.



THE FIRST CABINET MEETING UNDER THE ADMINISTRATION OF ANDREW JOHNSON, AT THE TREASURY BUILDING, APRIL 10, 1865.—DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ALBERT BERGMAN.



THE FIRST RECEPTION OF AMBASSADORS BY ANDREW JOHNSON, AT HIS ROOMS IN THE TREASURY BUILDING, APRIL 30, 1865.—DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ALBERT BIRNBAUM.

NONE LOVE ME BEST.

BY R. V. B.

NONE love me best;
I do not fill the need
For earthly love of one fond human heart.
Like some poor wail,
Some spray of ocean weed,
Upon the waves of life I drift apart;
Not all alone—yet lonely and unblest,
Because unsatisfied—none love me best.

None love me best;
Of all whom I can claim,
Friends—kindred—large in number; not a few
Kindred alike
In blood and spirit—generous hearts and true,
But each hath dearer ties; I cannot rest,
Calm and contented, where none love me best.

None love me best;
There is no heart that turns
To mine, as to its polestar's faithful spark;
Not one for whom
My love a beacon burns,
Brighter for her when all around is dark,
Not one to seek her refuge on my breast,
As dearest comforter—none love me best.

None love me best;
All greet me with a smile
And welcome me with kindly look and tone,
No lack of love
Is there, and yet the while,
I know they need me not, and feel alone;
I am not missed—each hath a warmer nest
Than my poor heart can give—none love me best.

None love me best;
When in my coffin laid,
I know that tender tears will wet my face,
All cold and white,
And tender words be said,
But none will need to fill my vacant place;
Not one will mourn, with true heart grief oppress,
Her nearest, dearest, gone—none love me best.

None love me best;
Oh! hush thy plaint, poor heart,
And give to others from thy own large store
(Thus shalt thou share
In love's diviner part),
The less they give to thee, still more and more;
To give than to receive is far more blest,
Be glad, poor heart, because none love thee best.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAKE,"
"REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—IN POSSESSION.

SLUTH, then, is at last lord of all. The murder has not been unproductive; and, wonderful as it may be to reflect on, Sluth seems to think, on looking back at all the attending circumstances, that his own behavior must have been a miracle of foresight, skill and courage.

He wished Anthony had behaved differently. Foolish fellow! to throw away ten thousand pounds like that! and to reject, at the same time, his (Sluth's) friendship! What a fatal blindness to his own interest! However, he had chosen his part. Since a beggar he was determined to be, Sluth had nothing more to say or think on the subject. Let him beg and starve!

And then he began to revel once more in his wondrous "luck." He didn't venture, certainly, to make Providence directly responsible for encouraging his acts, but he almost habitually lived in a kind of superstitious faith that he was cared for in some providential way; else how could he, as he asked himself, have got through such trials to such a success?

The week following Anthony's departure, which occurred on a Friday, was spent in a remarkable way, and might be thrown thus into a kind of diary:

Saturday.—A day of recovery from the wine, from Anthony's ingratitude, from the lawyer's irritating watchfulness, from Esau's abuse, from the disrespectful behavior of the servants, from Phillis's expectant looks, and from the general silence or unpleasant commentaries of the world as to his elevation, all ending with a determination to go to church next day, and begin the life of a very respectable member of society.

Sunday.—A day of gentle dreams—gentle agitation at his position in church, the observed of all observers; gentle hopes, gentle satisfaction with the look of things generally on going to bed at night.

Monday.—A day of something like enjoyment at last. He is never tired of exploring the different rooms and closets, the stores, the cellars, any more than he grows weary of studying Anthony's bankbook. Anthony's plans for a new house, and Anthony's verses about Clarissa—copies of which he finds torn up, while exploring the recesses of Anthony's waste paper basket.

Tuesday. Eureka! he may cry. He has found it. He has found that which all men seek, and one in a million possibly gets—happiness. Fortune culminates. He sees everything through a delicious atmosphere—a magic atmosphere, that shuts out things he doesn't like, and magnifies every one of his treasures to gigantic bulk. Rich as he is, he knows he is going to be richer, for he has a cunning instinct that "never deceives" him, and which whispers now he will get rid of Phillis, marry Clarissa, and become the doctor's heir. And that involves, very naturally, and as a mere matter of course, that he shall be also a magistrate, and take precedence in due time among his brother magistrates—perhaps, also, become M. P. Really, on the whole, a good day's work!

Wednesday.—A little reaction, which he doesn't care to acknowledge, but which makes him very

glad when the solitude of the day is over—that he is no longer obliged to expect calls from the neighboring gentry, and may go to bed, and curse them all in his heart, if he likes. But no. Richard Sluth couldn't do that. He respects his "superiors" too much, even though he may have to lick the dust off their shoes for a little while to propitiate them. And where would be his good sense if he did not? Isn't he going to be one of the "superiors"?

Thursday.—One prolonged yawn in every possible attitude and place.

Friday.—A very sensible idea worked out—that bliss doesn't consist exclusively of dreaming you are in bliss, but, in part at least, of setting to work to obtain what you most fancy. Accordingly, Richard Sluth, with a sigh, comes to the conclusion that even when a man has got a hundred and sixty thousand pounds, he may be very miserable unless he can add something else—companions, society, friends, a wife, a recognised and respected position in men's eyes. And he determines to begin anew on Monday morning. Yes, he will take up the business of life in a practical manner, and take no more notice of the bliss of dreams.

And how did he begin?

Having noticed that Mrs. Milton said nothing about going away, a fear crossed his heart that she might have repented of her purpose—nay, that she might be in Phillis's confidence, and was waiting, with full knowledge and malice aforethought, as to his secret promises, and the duty of making him fulfil them.

An embarrassing position to most men; for had he not asked the housekeeper to stay in so earnest a manner that he was bound to receive it as a compliment should she yield! Well, he thought, it might be difficult to other people, but not at all difficult to him (Sluth). He had worked his notions well out, during Sunday, on his second visit to church, and while the minister, on whose face Sluth's eyes were so steadily fixed, had been thinking he had never had a more attentive listener. And from that time, let us observe by the way, the clergyman set the example of ceremonial calling, and before the week was over—the second week—people dropped in, or left their cards; and Sluth was so delighted, that he did not care to discover they were mostly persons in his own social predicament.

"Good morning, Mrs. Milton," he said, placing a gilt armchair for her in the drawing-room, whither he had gone after sending for her. "Charming day. How well you are looking! Do sit down. And your pretty god-daughter, how is she? Take a glass of wine and a bit of cake?"

The housekeeper stared at him—stared at the cake and wine—frowned, and said nothing; for she didn't understand this altogether novel style of addressing her. Sluth saw she didn't like it, and went on, only with increased zest.

"You have been a very faithful servant—perhaps I ought rather to say, attached friend—of my uncle. I am his heir, and I want to show you and Phillis—I mustn't forget Phillis—all the kindness I think he would have wished me. So, now, what can I do for you? Tell me. Do you want more servants? Have them. I don't mind the expense. Enjoy yourself more. I don't see why you and Phillis shouldn't come in here of an evening, and sit with me, as you used to do with my cousin. It must be dull for Phillis, very dull. You must let me treat you both to the play occasionally, and have supper afterwards—very nice plan that—at an hotel, and, of course, all at my expense. Only be cautious. Phillis is very beautiful. I feel a kind of responsibility on me for her welfare. It's her birthday to-morrow. See; here is a pair of earrings I should like you to give her. It wouldn't be right for me to do it, you know, as they are valuable."

This extraordinary speech was uttered in a kind of low, unctuous, affectionate tone, that increased most painfully the housekeeper's surprise, and it was some time before she could make up her mind what to do. Meantime, her lips seemed to double inwards with the stern pressure to which they were subjected, and almost to disappear. When, however, he appeared to have said all he had to say, she got up with a kind of resentful, fluttering dignity, curtained very low, said she would speak to Phillis, and let him know what they both thought, before they went to bed, of his "great kindness."

Away she went to the room where Phillis was sitting, with her lap full of needlework, but which she had not touched from the moment she heard of her godmother's summons.

How anxiously she waited and watched for the return! and how her heart fell as she saw the dark, stormy face that re-entered the room.

"There! put up your work. It's the last you'll do in this house, I'll promise you. Don't look at me! Where's my keys? Have them straps looked out for the trunks there. Gibbs!" she called to the man, in a shrill tone of voice, out of the window, and he came from the stable there to her, standing outside.

"Take two places in the coach to-morrow morning to the Swan with Two Necks, Lad Lane. Mind you book the places beforehand, and pay for them."

Gibbs promised, and went away; and then Mrs. Milton shut down the window with a great noise, turned, and let loose the full force of her rage on poor Phillis.

"You're a nice, creditable young woman to bring out into the world, ain't you? There! Hold your tongue! Don't talk to me, you hussy! What! nothing less than diamonds will content you, eh, my lady? Pretty price you'll pay for 'em! For shame! for shame! I didn't think anybody belonging to me would have so disgraced the family! No, that I didn't!"

And then Phillis saw the poor old lady was no longer able to restrain her tears.

"Tell me, I beg of you, what is it? what is the matter?" murmured Phillis, with quivering voice, dreading she knew not what.

"Much obliged to you, my lady, I'm sure"—she put a most exasperating emphasis on the words "my lady"—"and also to your noble protector. Is that the word now-a-days? They used uglier ones in my village when I was a gal. Diamonds! But there, there's no end to the goodness of the man! He wants me—ME!"—she almost screamed out the last word in her ascending tornado of passion—"to be a party, I suppose, to the sticking you upstairs to play the lady, while I look on—the wretch!"

By degrees Phillis got out what it was that had so wounded her godmother. And as she saw, as she supposed, the whole truth—that Sluth had really only been preparing the way for the announcement that they were to be married—she listened with increasing animation of face, with sparkling eyes, and with an almost painful catching of her breath, in the joyous emotion and vivid sense of relief, that threatened a new explosion on the part of the worthy housekeeper.

"I must go and thank him," and Phillis was hurrying away.

"Sit down! I dare you to go to him!"

"I must—I must, indeed. You don't know. You mistake him—you do, indeed. Don't be angry. Don't be afraid. I'll be back presently, and you shall say then you are not at all ashamed of me."

She kissed her wondering godmother's troubled but unresisting face, and a minute after was in the drawing-room, where the cunning Sluth waited—a little nervous, but, on the whole, hopeful as to the explosion he had precipitated.

"What is this, Richard?" she said, the moment she had closed the door.

"Really, Phillis, you should ask her that. I never felt so angry in all my life. There was I, the moment I saw the way clear, trying to make friends with her, offering her everything I could think of, and venturing even so far as to ask her to give you a pair of diamond ear-rings—cost no end of money—and she sets up her back at me like a wild cat, and goes off, to say and do I don't know what, and about which I have a good mind to say I don't care. It's too bad!"

Had Phillis any idea her lover was feeling less anger and mortification than he professed? Or was she still prepared to keep alive her faith in him?—a faith, not that he was by any means a faultless person—perhaps not even free from actual crime—but still a man who loved her, and whom she felt, on that condition, she too could love.

There was a little pause, during which Phillis looked wistfully into his face. He winced a little, and tried to evade her look. But she came close to him, put her hand into his arm, and said, with earnest, trembling accents:

"Richard Sluth, if you love me these things are nothing. Tell me, do you?"

"Do I? Of course I do. But—"

"Richard, say it again. You don't know how sweet it is to me."

Sluth looked down on the pretty, tearful, but joyous face, which looked up so lovingly and trustingly to him, and he found it hard to utter the words that were ready at his lips. And she, watching the change of his face, saw this, and redoubled her caresses, though with a certain modesty, in the entire belief it was only the consequences of her godmother's folly that she was thus driving off.

And if one really could get to such heart as Sluth possessed, it would probably prove that Phillis's image alone rested there. Even now, with her winning, pliant, gentle form hanging about him so flutteringly, he was unable to do the work he had shaped out for himself in the hard spirit he had first intended, and so they got talking with the old freedom, and he heard of Mrs. Milton's intention to leave the house the next day.

Poor Phillis! With what delight she saw his face grow clearer and clearer, as she talked to him! How re-assured she became as to her power over him when he kissed her, and said:

"She may do as she likes, but it won't change me! No, not a bit. And Phillis, darling, perhaps it's best for you to go away for a bit. If she, stupid old woman! makes such mistakes, what wouldn't the world do, which is not only stupid, but malicious into the bargain?"

"Phillis, you now listen to me, and it'll be better for both of us. I am a gentleman, now—that brings responsibilities. You must learn to be a lady. I'll send you any money you want, secretly."

"No, Richard, that mustn't be!"

"Very well. Then, if you do manage, all by yourself, to pick up what you want, it'll be only a greater proof of your superior nature. Don't cry. I shall write to you."

"And how long?"

"Oh, who can answer that? You may be sure I shall want to hurry the day. This place is dreary even as it is—what'll it be when you are gone? I must get to know people. Get over the nine days' wonder about the property, and Anthony, and me, before I try them with another nine days' wonder about you. But mind, I stick to the old condition—secrecy. See what we've got by only trying to break through it too soon. Stupid old woman, so to mistake me! I won't have your godmother meddle or make. No, upon that, Phillis, you had better mind what I say, or you'll find me queer."

"I will mind, and will trust you, Richard, so long as trust is possible."

"And that'll be for ever, pussy!"

And Sluth began with his usual affectionate purr then to comfort her.

And so with such talk the lovers kissed and parted; but with the understanding that Sluth managed to wring out of her, that as Mrs. Milton was to be left in her present benighted state, therefore, after this, no other except a public and formal leave-taking was to take place.

As Phillis went back to her godmother, to shape out a statement that should meet the double demands upon her, while saying she was

ready to go off home to Cumberland, Sluth stood at the door kissing his hands as she turned at the end of the corridor to look back; and as she disappeared, he returned to the drawingroom, saying:

"She's safe for a few months, at all events. Now for Miss Clarissa!" and he gave a little leap as he revelled in the thought of his management of these two women in the kitchen.

CHAPTER XLIX.—RICHARD SLUTH IN SEARCH OF A FRIEND.

THE tears—really natural ones—called forth, as he parted with Phillis next morning, had scarcely dried away before he was rolling along on a broken-down but safe pony, that he had borrowed, towards Petersham. He was learning to ride, and the process troubled him more than he cared to own. However, he kept a good face on the matter, whatever his sufferings and quams, and he reached Petersham without an accident.

It was awkward that he should have to sink in by the stable-yard entrance, but he dared not court Miss Pompey's ridicule on his equestrian arrangements and skill; so he slyly evaded all notice by adopting the mode of entrance we have indicated—the back way.

He sent in his card, with "Mr. Sluth's most respectful compliments, and could he see the doctor?"

The doctor was at lunch. It must be owned the doctor was generally found at something of the sort, when not in his magistrate's room, on horseback, or in bed. He read little. Indeed, what occasion had he to read, when he knew, he flattered himself, pretty well all men could tell him?

Sluth was at once introduced to the dining-room, and found the doctor thus engaged, while Clarissa was reading to him an article about the treatment of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena, which seemed to touch the doctor's sympathies a good deal. "He hated Bonaparte," he said, "but he loved magnanimity."

Something in the sound of the phrase pleased him, as it evidently pleased his daughter, and he repeated it just as Sluth entered, and so put himself in a good temper for the reception of his visitor.

"Good morning!—hem!—good morning, Mr. Sluth. Sit down and join me."

Sluth did so, and was not sorry to see Clarissa, after a polite but cold bow, leave the room.

For a minute or two Sluth found it easier to discuss the state of the Emperor at St. Helena than his own state, in his present magnificent isolation; and the doctor was too polite to refer to any business that had brought Mr. Sluth, lest he might seem to be treating him not as a guest.

With a good deal of flurry in his manner, he sat in his face, and stammering in his speech, Sluth at last began to try once more what his oratory was worth.

"Doctor Pompey, I—I hope—no, I mean I'm sure—your politeness, your fatherly friendship—"

"Sir!" said the doctor, icily, and turning his chair full round to look the better at Sluth, and learn what he meant.

Sluth gave a little gulp, as it were, in his throat, felt he was ruining all his prospects, remembered how he had talked to a more terrible man—his uncle—and at a much more critical time, and again made an attempt.

"I beg pardon, doctor. I am, as you know, not a gentleman born. I—I think my blood is—respectable, but I confess, it isn't aristocratic; but I am not ashamed of my parents."

"No, sir, I should think not, indeed! Hem!"

"No, doctor; I'm proud of them, in a reasonable way, and at proper times and seasons."

"Do you no harm, sir, to be always proud of them!"

"I stand—that is, I sit—corrected. But as I was saying, or meant to say, I was but a poor chemist's assistant when my uncle took me by the hand, and said he would make a man of me, and a gentleman; and he would—doctor, excuse these tears—but I feel he would. He was a strong man, and he could do more difficult things than that."

"Hem! Yes, sir."

"But he was poorly, you see, doctor, and he naturally pined for the nephew he had brought up, and I wouldn't stand in his way—no, not Anthony's, unkind as he is now; and it was I who wrote to Anthony when poor uncle was dying, and urged him to come."

"I believe that, Mr. Sluth; and—hem—I think it was very creditable on your part. Go on."

But Sluth couldn't go on just for a minute. He was obliged to use his handkerchief to conceal his emotion at the doctor's kind words. But as he mastered himself, he was again able to speak.

"Forgive me, doctor, but I ain't much used to kindness, and your words just then cut me very deep. I do so want to do the right thing, and the gentlemanly thing, and do good with the wealth God has given to me; but—but—I haven't a single friend in the world to help me and advise me, and I'm so miserable, I almost wish you'd try to persuade Anthony to come back and take it all again, and let me be as I was—his faithful and humble friend!"

Sluth stopped, and, overpowered at his own pathos, laid down his head on the doctor's table, and wept.

The doctor wiped his glasses, which were growing moist, got up, walked to the window, and looked out contemplatively, and thus gave the unhappy young man time to recover.

"Hem! Mr. Sluth, could I be of any service to you?"

"You! Oh, doctor, I dare not hope it! No, no. You can't demean yourself to take me by the hand. No. It is only your great kindness and Christian charity that makes you feel for me. But I'm not one to take a mean advantage. No. I have a soul above that. But, oh, Doctor Pompey, if you would, out of your great knowledge

and condescension, only take me and my case into your consideration for a few minutes! I do so want a kind, and wise, and good man to tell me what I shall do, to inspire me with proper sentiments, and to be to me an example—a bright and shining light for me in all my wanderings."

"Hem! hem! hem!"

"I'm worth, Doctor Pompos, a hundred and sixty thousand pounds, and I want to be shown what to do with it. Shall I expend this wondrous gift on profligacy, or in ridiculous excess, as the poet says, or shall I make it subserve"—Slenth had a liking for that, to him, newly-discovered word, and repeated it—"subserve the venerated constitution and institutions of the country—the duties of the country gentleman, the pleasures of a modest hospitality?"

That last bit finished the business. The doctor came to him, held out his hand, and said:

"Mr. Slenth, my very good friend"—oh, the delicious sound of the words to the hungry listener—"whatever help I can render you I think it a duty to give. Hem! It's not much in my way, but I am a man of truth, and speak only that which I mean. You have, I regret to say, very much to learn."

"Oh, yes!" interrupted Slenth, with clasped hands. "But do you think I might learn?"

"Hem! Yes, I think you may. It is much when a man sees his deficiencies. You don't know how to speak as a gentleman."

"No, doctor. I am so thankful! Go on."

"You don't know how to speak to a gentleman."

"Gospel truth, doctor. I own it. But I will—that is, if you sanction the trial."

"You neither come into a room, nor go out of one, except with the air of a man who is ashamed of himself. Now, sir, if I were to do the most pitiful act in the world, I wouldn't be ashamed of it! If, I say."

"I—I quite understand. Oh, doctor, this is a great day for me! I shall go back with a happy heart, and be a proud man."

"And, then, Slenth"—the doctor dropped the "Mr." and Slenth responded to the increased familiarity with a grateful smile—"I think I never saw a man look so truly unpleasant, when not altogether contemptible, as you when you address a lady. A lady, sir, likes to see a man a man, but also a modest man."

"Yes, sir, I perceive. Oh, yes!" And Slenth looked as if his eye saw through unfathomable distances to the bright and particular star of Truth that the doctor indicated. "Don't spare me, sir. Don't spoil the child, for I am but a child in the ways of the world."

"I have done, Slenth, all that's unpleasant. These things were on my mind, and hem!—would probably have prevented our having the honor of receiving your visits here, but—but for this very touching, very—well, I will say it—very manly appeal. For in substance it is manly to welcome the truth, however annoying. Slenth, I offer you my hand."

Slenth grasped it so suddenly he saw the doctor's face. Then he winced visibly himself, dropped the hand in a fright, and as suddenly regained it. The doctor went on:

"Come here when you like. Hem! You won't mind, for a little while, my taking the liberty to say I am engaged when you call, if I don't want to see you. My daughter may do you good, if you can only make her acquaintance."

"She's an angel!"

"She's a lady, Mr. Slenth, and I'm her father; and if you make any more remarks of that kind—hem!"

He saw the pained face, and his heart smote him.

"Well—well—well. Rome was not built in a day. And I mustn't expect too much. I will consider the whole subject carefully."

Slenth was alarmed. He thought that meant going back. But he was mistaken.

"Hem. Perhaps a few hints—hem!—written ones—for a young man whose social education has been neglected—from me, may be useful. We will see to that. Come. Let us find Miss Pompos, and I will introduce you to her under your new aspect, as a friend of the family, who craves friendly sympathy and support under arduous circumstances. Come."

CHAPTER L.—UNDER THE WHEEL.

True: Anthony is indeed under it—writhing in anguish: every pang enhanced by the recollection of his late exaltation on the topmost rail, when he seemed almost unto himself a spectacle for gods and men—illustrating how fortunate human nature could be.

What is he doing just now? Why, he is toiling on alone on the road to Oxford, having just quitted London.

And why alone? Where is Esau? Anthony does not know. The boy had left him when they reached London; and as Anthony suspected, in order to relieve him of the burden of maintenance. Day by day, as Anthony returned from his useless wanderings to the cheap lodging—a bedroom in a poor but clean house in Chelsea—he looked for the lad's bright and cheering face, but he found him not; and at last he felt constrained to own it was most probable Esau thought he could do better without Anthony's aid than with it, and was wooing fortune in his own way, and alone.

What a terrible place Anthony thought London on this brief visit! He could scarcely believe that it was there he had spent so many pleasant, because indulgent, hours, with boon companions, who agreed but on one thing—to put off to the morrow all care.

He had come with a settled and clear purpose—namely, to go to every man he knew of any respectability of character, carefully shunning all other acquaintances, and see whether, after letting them know of his position, they could suggest how he might earn his bread.

At first he was delighted with the hospitable reception, even after he had told, with many frankness, of his downfall, lest the fact might not

have reached them. But as soon as the first glow of feeling had passed off, he could not but discover they were one and all immersed in their own affairs, whether of business or pleasure, and, while very willing to see him at their tables, or even to take an occasional bed in their houses, were not in the least disposed to go into practical matters—such as he yearned to hear.

But he determined to go the whole round of his acquaintances, in spite of these disappointments, and then they saw him no more! He had failed to discover a single opening.

But he had Oxford still to fall back on. There he had played the gentleman, and, bating a few youthful pranks, had played the part not discreditably. He had been in debt, but those debts, fortunately, he had been able to pay, during his brief period of prosperity, out of the alderman's estate. He was glad of that, for his conscience did not in the least feel hurt that Slenth might say it was out of his money. He should tell him he lied, for it belonged to him (Anthony) by a prior right, for the alderman had not only sent him to Oxford, but condoned his offence by telling him, on one occasion, he should "white-wash" him, and then—But then came the worse offence, that caused Anthony to be ejected from the heirloom.

He was going to Oxford. What for? To play the part Mr. Babington had shown in. To extricate a hundred pounds from some unwilling pockets by arts as contemptible as those of his quondam acquaintance and brother collegian?

If he could get no chance in London, the very centre of business, was it likely he could do any good among youthful students, who could only treat him as entitled to their charity?

He had pondered over every possible kind of industry. Literature? He had no ability for it. The professions? He was acquainted with none, prepared for none. And as to trade, that was just what he had been exploring with such lamentable results. Clerkships, assistant in a school, even the post of riding master to a West-end house, he thought of, and sought for, but obtained neither engagement, nor promise of one.

The army? Yes, that was the one seductive thought that kept Anthony in heart; for not only did he think he should make a good officer, but he had just a faint hope of a commission, through a young aristocratic friend, who had once urged Anthony, in his time of bitter disappointment (after offending the old man), to go into the regiment which was commanded by his brother, who, he was sure, would sympathize with his poverty and his feelings as a gentleman, and give him the support a man so situated must have. Anthony was afraid he could not live on his pay, however rigidly economical he might be; but still the prospect was attractive, for, to tell the truth, it was one that led, so he fancied—by a circuitous course enough, no doubt—but still led to Clarissa.

Why, then, does he stop now on the brow of the hill, which has just brought him within sight of the distant towers and spires of beautiful Oxford? Is it because he has read not one, but two paragraphs in a newspaper, that he had come across at a wayside inn, and where he had expended his last money—twopence—in a roll and a glass of ale?

These are the paragraphs:

"Rumor is busy in a certain neighborhood, not a hundred miles from the metropolis, with the character and doings of a ci-devant gentleman—heaven save the mark!—who had suddenly passed from a state of great prosperity to entire indigence. It is said that he had in his possession, from the very first hour of his coming to the house where his rich relative died—the document by which he was able to hold all against the rightful possessor; and that when the discovery of the paper was accidentally made, and under circumstances that might be called really providential—he not only expressed no regret, and offered no explanations, but abused the man he had wronged; and who, even at the last moment, would have given him a handsome slice of the property, if he had only exhibited an appropriate state of mind. However, he is gone, and the neighborhood is well rid of him. His successor promises to be quite a blessing to the neighborhood. Only the other day he had all the old women of the neighborhood to dine with him, and each found half-a-crown under her plate."

That was the way in which rumors dealt with Anthony; and Anthony, as he read it, seemed to feel as if a great pall came down from the sky, and overspread the whole earth.

And what was the other paragraph? Seemingly a very unimportant one. Only a name among the list of deaths. But this name was the name of his one friend—his last hope and refuge.

He dropped on a pile of stones, and every gesture seemed to say, "I contend no longer! Life is not worth all this toil!"

The sun was just fading in a rich trail of glory. He watched it even as he bent his head on his elbows, which were supported on his knees—watched it fade and fade, saw the darkness slowly steal on and envelope everything, saw the stars come out, felt the fresh but chilly breath of evening, and shivered; but still he sat, even when he could gaze no longer.

And then lower and lower sank the head—lower and lower sank the once stout heart. Wealth, Clarissa, his good name, his hopes of a future—were they not all as rich and glowing as that sunset? and, like that, had they not all gone down? The sun would rise again: his sun—never! never! Tears—bitter tears, oozed forth. He could have borne all but to be thus spoken of to the world. His very name was dear to him in one sense—it was unpolished by any act of dishonor—it might one day be a household word. All that was gone now. His name stank in the place where he had been so happy and so much respected—so much looked up to.

He knew that he ought to spring up with fresh activity, and take fate, as it were, by the throat, and compel her to obedience and justice. He only dropped down lower and lower, where he sat, till there seemed but a shapeless man, like a rock of stone, visible through the darkness.

How long he remained in that terrible stupor of soul, he knew not. When he was awakened from it, it was by a light touch on his shoulder.

"Esau!"

In an instant he was on his feet.

"See!—quick! they're after me! Let me hide!"

The boy was panting with affright and swift running.

"They?—who?" And Anthony vainly strove to pierce the darkness above the long whitish slope of the road, up which he and Esau had come.

"There they are!" again panted Esau. "Don't you hear the horse and the cart?"

"They shan't touch you. Stay, Esau; don't be a coward?"

Anthony laid his hand upon the boy's shoulder, who was trembling with excitement, and said:

"They must deal with me before they touch you. Why, Esau, I used to think you the bravest lad I had ever met with."

Esau was unaccountably silent, and before Anthony could get any explanation, a cart drove up containing two men, who instantly leaped out, leaving the horse, which seemed to have been trained to stand during ticklish operations.

The first man who approached needed but to speak a single word to be known to the boy. He is also well known to us as Bob the Ostler. The single word was:

"Esau!"

"What do you want with this lad?" demanded Anthony.

"What's that to you? Curse your impudence! Ain't I his parent? What do you want with him, my bully boy?"

"Esau, is that true? Is he your father?"

The lad's hands were cold and damp, Anthony felt. He pressed them, and tried to reassure the boy.

"I don't want to go with him! I won't go!"

"Then you shan't!" said Anthony. "There, my friends, you have your answer, and had better go."

"Here's a pretty cock of the walk! Jim, let's hear the cock of your pistol; he can see mine, and he shall feel it, if seeing won't do."

Jim's pistol was heard only too plainly. Anthony tried to reason with them, but they only laughed.

Suddenly, when he had turned to see what Bob was at—who made some threatening movement towards Esau—he found his arms pinioned from behind by a grasp so powerful, that after a mighty struggle he relaxed all effort, and felt he was powerless—weakened, no doubt, by hunger and sorrow.

"Can yer manage him for a couple of minutes?" "Can I? Ax him!" was the reply of Bob's worthy associate.

"Run, Esau, run!" shouted Anthony.

But it was too late. Bob had tripped him up at the first sign of movement, and the lad, in spite of his struggles—which were still accompanied by a reticence of speech quite foreign to Esau's habits, and that amazed Anthony, even amidst all the distractions of the moment—was carried in his father's arms to the cart, and tied fast in it, as Anthony could hear by the remark:

"There, you varmint! You'll run away agin from your natural parent and lawful guv'nor, will you? All right, Jim. Let him go. I'm ready for him if he meddles with you."

But Jim had his own mode of securing his personal safety. With a very slight effort, yet one that only a skilful, probably professional, pugilist could so successfully have practised on Anthony, who was wary and watchful for any chance that might offer, he suddenly, without relaxing his grip, drew Anthony backwards over the rough ground, and so disturbed the latter's balance, that when he let go and slipped aside and struck Anthony in passing, the latter could do no other than go headlong to the ground.

In an instant he was on his feet pursuing the ruffian in spite of his weapon. But Jim reached the cart before Anthony, who stopped a little way off, and cried to Esau:

"Seek me at the Magnet, Esau, if you can't tell me where to seek you!"

They were driving off when again Anthony called out:

"Esau! Esau! what's his name?"

"Ax the halderman's ghost, and he'll tell you, and spell it for you, if yer ain't a scholar—d'ye hear? S-T-O-N-E-I-I!"

"Stop, stop! one moment, I conjure you! Esau, Esau! My kinsman, brother! I'll find you if I hunt you over the world."

No answer. The ruffians had gagged the boy.

AN AFFLICTED EDITOR.—The Charlottesville (Va.) Chronicle has grown desperate over the learning that surrounds him: "Charlottesville is fairly entitled to be called the literary centre of the South. There is, first, the University of Virginia, with its learned professors on all sorts of subjects. Then we have two large female seminaries, where young ladies learn thirty or forty things ending in -ology. Then we have some half-dozen first-class academies for boys. Then several select schools. Then a number of schools for the English branches. And then the whole colored population, of all sexes and ages, is repeating from morning to night, a-b-a-b, e-b-e-b; i-b-i-b; o-a-t-cat; d-o-g-dog; o-p-p; etc.—through all the varieties of the lesson in orthography. There are some four or five colored schools, and little negro chaps darken every door with primers in their hands. If we pass a blacksmith's shop we hear a-b-a-b; if we peep into a shoemaker's shop it is a-b-a-b; if we pass a negro cabin in the suburbs of the town, we hear the sound of a-b-a-b; if the cook goes out to suckle her infant, it is a-b-a-b; if the dining-room servant washes up his dishes and plates crying a-b-a-b; Jerry blacks boots, saying with rapid strokes, a-b-a-b; the whole air is resonant with a-b-a-b. The little yellow boy who sleeps in our chamber awakes us the other night, muttering a-b-a-b. Mr. Greeley has stirred up thunder here. If you send a little negro boy on an errand, he is spelling everything he meets in one syllable. The little white boys look at them wonderingly and try to cork them. In a month or so we expect to issue an evening edition of the Chronicle in monosyllables, to increase our circulation—perhaps a pictorial, with tubs and spades, and ants and crows, and owls and bats—like the primers."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THERE is a Methodist preacher out West whose praise is thus sounded by a contemporary: "I have repeatedly heard the most famous men in America, but there are times when the flame of his pathos licks the everlasting hills with a roar that moves your soul to depths fathomed by few other men!"

Our little lives are kept in equipoise

By struggles of two opposite desires—

The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,

And the more noble instinct that aspires.

JOSE BILLINGS ON SHANGHAI.—The shanghai rooster is a gentle, and speaks in a formal tongue. He is built on piles like our Sandy Hill crane. If he had his bill with legs he would resemble the peruvian lama. He is not a game animal, but quite often comes off second best in a ruff and tumble fight; like the injins that stand civilization, and are fast disappearing. The rooster on the ground similar to the mul-turk. The office go to sleep standing, and sum times plish over, and when they dew they enter the ground like a yagaxo. There feed consists uv corn in the ear. The crow like a jackass troubled with the bronchus. The will cat as much to onset as a district skule master, and generally sit down rite oph tew keep from tipping over. The are dreadful unhandy to hook, you have to bite one end uv them to a time, you hant get them awi into a potash little tu onset. The female reaser lays an egg as big as a kokseunt, and is sick for a week afterwards, and when she hatches out a litter of young shanghais, she has to brood over them standing, and then kant kiver but 5 uv them, the rest stand around on the outside, like boys around a circus tent, giting a peep under the kanvass when ever they can. The man who first brought the breed into this country ought to own them all and be be obliged tew feed them on grasshoppers caught by hand. I never owned but one, and he got choked to death by a kick in a clothes line, but not till he had swallowed 18 feet ov it. Not enny shanghai for me, if you please; I would rather board a traveling colporter, and as for eating one, give me a billed owl rare done, or a turkie buzzard, roasted hole, and stuffed with a pair of injun rubber boots, but not enny shanghai for me, not a shanghai!

THE latest French story is briefly this: Monsieur X., intemperate farmer, is found dead in bed. Village physician works 36 hours on him without leaving bedside; no go. Funeral ordered; procession of villagers; chants and things; Monsieur X. had money, hence citizens admire his character, and so does curate; chief mourner is daughter of Monsieur X., dumb and sweet 16—pleasant combination—sad ceremony goes on; coffin is about to be lowered; noise is heard inside; undertakers fly; courageous doctor rushes forward; M. X. steps forth alive and well, but very thirsty; dumb daughter suddenly exclaims *mon pere*; surprise of everybody; denouement; reward of virtue.

A GENTLEMAN walking on Broadway stepped on a piece of melon skin and fell to the pavement. "Waifer," of the *Express*, at once exclaimed, "there's another individual trying to do the European tour at home—he's just taken a trip on the mind!"

A CLERK in a New York mercantile establishment relates a colloquy from which a sprightly youth in the same store came out second best. A poor boy came along with his machine, inquiring:

"Any knives or scissors to grind?"

"Don't think we have," replied the young gentleman, facetiously; "but can't you sharpen wigs?"

"Yes, if you've got any," was the prompt response, leaving the interrogator rather at a loss to produce the article.

A CLERGYMAN and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one frosty day lately when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him a moment, and being assured that he was not much hurt, said to him: "Friend, sinners stand on slippery places."

The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said:

"I see they do, but I can't."

"ALWAYS buy your chestnuts billed," said Mrs. Snow to Abimilech, who was about investing a penny in that commodity, "cause the raw ones want looking after, and the worny ones you have to throw away; but with the billed ones it don't make no difference—worms can't hurt nobody when they're billed."

A LETTER writer describing the fashionable costumes as he saw them on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, says:

"I observed that the prevailing style of garter was blue."

The style of the dress enabled him to make the observation.

DR. —, on one occasion, received no fee for marrying a parsimonious couple, and meeting them several months after in social gathering took up the baby and exclaimed:

"I believe I have a mortgage on this child!"

Baby's father, rather than have an explanation before the company, quietly handed over a five dollar bill.

TOPER'S EXCUSE.

"Then to the Lord old Noah said, The water now tastes very bad; Because there have been drowned therein All beasts and sinners in their sin— 'Tis therefore, Lord I ever think I would prefer some other drink."

A LONDON paper says that "her Majesty is still pleased to mourn for the late Prince Consort!"

THE PUNCTUAL MAN.—Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all his transactions through life. He amassed a large fortune by untiring industry and punctuality; and at the advancing age of 90 years was resting quietly on his bed, and calmly waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made almost every arrangement for his decease and burial. His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering in its socket, when one of his sons observed: "Father, you will probably live but a day or two; is it not well for you to name your bequest?"

"To be sure, my son," said the dying man; it is well thought of, and I will do it now."

He gave the names of six, the usual number, and sank back exhausted upon his pillow.

A gleam of thought passed over his withered features like a ray of light, and he rallied once more. My son, read me the list. Is the name of Mr. Higgins there?"

"It is, father."

"Then strike it off!" said he, emphatically, "for he was never punctual—was never anywhere in season, and he might hinder the procession a whole hour."

In the castles and palaces of the ancient nobility of France, the tapestry frequently presents memorials of their pride of ancestry. On the tapestry of an apartment in the palace of the ex-Duke of Choiseul is a representation of the Deluge, in which a man is seen running after Noah, and calling out, "My good friend, save the archives of the Choiseul family."

SOMEbody has found out a new way of taking pictures, by which they can be taken better in the night than in the day-time. A photographer has missed several from the frames that hang by his door, and doesn't approve of the new plan.

WHEN IS A MAN DRUNK?—The Troy Press furnishes the following conversation which took place in the police court in that city. It settles the much disputed question—"When is a man drunk?"

Lawyer—Was Mr. Graham drunk?

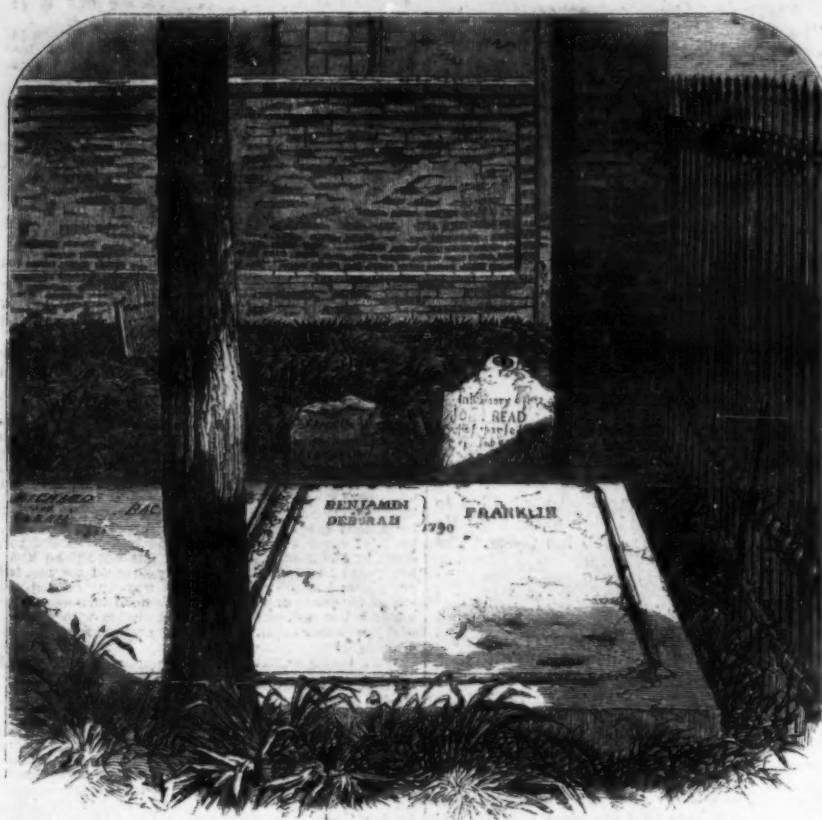
Witness—(Metaphysically)—Well, I'll tell you. I don't think he was drunk, because it is pretty hard to tell when a man is really drunk.

L.—Then you have got enlarged ideas on the subject of drunk?

W.—Yes, sir. I call a person sober as long as he can walk straight and not stagger.

L.—As long as he don't fall in the gutter?

W.—Yes, sir; and don't catch hold of the grass to keep himself from rolling over!



TOMB OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND DEBORAH FRANKLIN, CORNER OF FIFTH AND ARCH STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

OUR SOCIAL WANTS.

Growth, to be perfect, must be uniform. When one member of a body increases in size more rapidly than the others, the result is deformity. On the other hand, when the growth of one part is retarded, while the whole increases, that which should be a limb is only an excrescence. And this is true, not only of animal and vegetable but also of social life, and of the conditions of civilization among which we exist.

A great city is planted near the sea, in a position unsurpassed for natural beauty, for safety and for accessibility to the vast interior country that lies behind it, no less than to the fleets from foreign nations that flock thither to trade. Its growth is at first slow. The crest of the ridge which, on each side slopes gradually to the waters washing its shores, becomes naturally the chief, as it is, the most commanding thoroughfare. The streets leading from this ridge to the edges of the waters have their position and direction determined almost by chance; a sequestered path, leading to meadows beyond the city limits, becomes, in time, a lane, and that, in its turn, a street, keeping for ever the tortuous course originally given it; or some rampart, in early times designed to repel a lurking enemy, bestows alike its name and its direction on its modern descendant.

But, in process of time, this city grows and becomes famous, and the length of its streets is measured by miles instead of yards. Still, as before, the leading thoroughfare lies along the ridge, and the streets diverging from it to the right and left increase in length. Their direction, however, is no longer an affair of caprice. In proportion as the city recedes from the apex of the triangular piece of land on which it stands, so do its dimensions in width increase, and an uniform plan is laid down by law, according to which the growth longitudinally follows the lines of certain avenues, and laterally by equidistant streets.

So far in our goodly city of New York, of which,

no doubt, by this time, the reader is well aware we are writing, its growth has been well cared for as regards its uniformity. As the avenues have increased in length, houses and habitations of various degrees of beauty and usefulness have lined their sides, while the cross streets, reaching from the waters on the east to those on the west, have few vacant spots yet unbuilt upon. All this, so far, is most excellent. A splendid city has sprung up, and its increase, during the past few years, seems almost like a work of enchantment; but when we come to look at the means provided for moving from place to place in this immense hive of humanity, the disproportion, the want of harmony between the enormous distances, and the means of overcoming them, strike a stranger with a sense of pain, even if the inconvenience be not brought home to him in a practical manner. The complaint, to be sure, is not a new one. For some years past it has been periodically brought before the public in many and various forms. The true remedy will in time, and perhaps very speedily, be applied; and the wonder of people will then be that they had so long endured an evil, of which the cure was so simple.

The development, however, of the means of transportation naturally, and in the first place, takes the direction of the chief lines of travel, and those are, "up-town" and "down-town." Whether the street cars perform all they were designed for we do not intend now to discuss, nor whether—a still wider question—they perform their duties in the best possible manner. But, certainly, they do carry, in some way or other, from their homes to their daily business, and from business to their homes, an enormous number of those who, but for the facilities (such as they are) thus afforded them, would be compelled to lose much valuable time in walking. All, however, do not want to go "down-town," to attend to business, or prefer to do so at their leisure, and society is assuming a phase in which the numbers of these are rapidly increasing, and what are they to do?

What, again, are those to do who wish to go "across town," to travel laterally and not longitudinally, in this good city of Gotham? Suppose you are in Union square, a heavy shower of rain comes on, or some pressing occasion calls you to the foot of Fourteenth street, N. R., how are you to go there? Only a choice of evils awaits you. Walk, and get wet through, for the benefit of your doctor possibly, and certainly of your milliners, madam, or of your tailors, sir, and of your own great discomfort and cost; or call a heavy, lumbering vehicle, fit only for a funeral procession, from which it has probably just returned, and be charged a dollar, besides enduring the insolence of one of the most insolent set of men in the city.

Yet our vaunted civilization can produce nothing better than this. If you want a vehicle, for ever so short a distance, you are condemned to violate your sense of fitness by hiring two horses, when one would answer every purpose, and a carriage that holds four persons (six for funeral occasions) when one of half the size would be more than enough. And you are charged in proportion, not of your need, but of the need of the man that drives you. Even this miserable excrescence of our society, the two-horse carriage or hackney coach (we believe that in London the last of the species is preserved as a curiosity in one of the museums), is not always to be procured when dire necessity compels a quick journey out of the car routes.

Imagine yourself in Hanover square or Wall street, through the exigencies of business five minutes behind time for the steamboat at one of the piers on the North River; you would probably pay five dollars rather than miss the last chance of getting home that night; but fifty will not procure you the means of atoning, by a horse's speed, for your irreparable delay.

What, then, shall we do to get rid of this blot upon our character as a go-ahead people? What shall we substitute for the massive, lumbering, two-horse concerns, fit only for civic or funeral processions, that render life a burden to those compelled to use them? Is there no escape from the exorbitant charge of fifty cents per mile for one, and twenty-five cents for each additional person? Is there no cure for the personal abuse with which a payment of the legal fare is received, or the insolence with which its double is generally demanded? Let us see.

If New York were the first and only city that had suffered from overgrowth, or in which the distances were too great for simple pedestrians, we might hesitate as to the solution of the problem. Fortunately it is not, and in the cab systems of London and Paris we may learn how other crowded and civilized communities avoid the evils from which we now suffer, and which have reached a height which imperatively demand reform. Our illustration, No. 1, shows the average New York cab (gross misnomer) of the present day, in all its unwieldiness of breadth, and height, and length. Contrast with it illustration No. 2, of the average London Brougham cab, its lightness, its handiness, in one word, its adaptability; or No. 3, the Hansom cab, made to thread its way through crowded streets, take short cuts, and catch departing trains against all odds of time and distances. Of these public conveyances there are in London over 5,000. Fancy New York with one-third of the number, distributed at fifty convenient points between the Central Park and the Battery! Imagine the increased comfort to life; the enhanced value to real estate at points beyond the present termini of the street cars and the omnibuses; and the blessings of the fair sex, who will not find it necessary any longer to renounce all acquaintances and friends living more than four "blocks" away.

In London the rates of the cab fare are regulated by the distance or by the time, at the option of the hirer. The numbers of the cabs are attached to them in large legible figures, and the police regulations in regard to them are hung conspicuously inside. The following are the rates of fare, reduced to currency at the present price of gold, for the convenience of our readers:

Fares by Distance for Two Persons.

Eighteen cents for any distance within and not exceeding one mile.

For any distance exceeding one mile, at the rate of eighteen cents for every mile, and for any part of a mile not completed.

The driver is to drive at a proper and reasonable speed, not less than six miles an hour, unless in cases of unavoidable delay.

Fares by Time for Two Persons.

For any time within and not exceeding one hour, seventy-two cents.

Eighteen cents for every fifteen minutes, or any part of fifteen minutes not completed, above one hour.

The driver may be required to drive at any rate not exceeding four miles an hour.

Of the regulations of this establishment, of the manner in which the rights and interests of the public are protected, of the easy and inexpensive remedy for complaints, it is not necessary now to enlarge. Many of these are only adapted to the locality where they prevail, and would be unsuited to the genius of our people, but when the system itself can once be grafted upon our community, the proper regulation of it will be a matter of little or no difficulty.

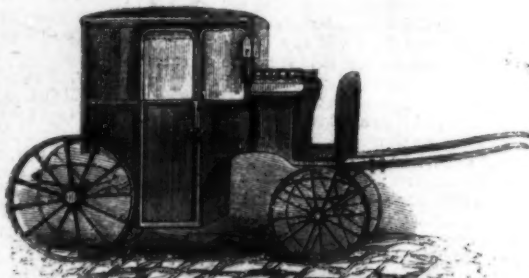
In Paris the system is again different, and we now proceed to describe it. The city is surrounded by barriers, and within these, a diameter of about six miles, only a single rate is charged;



THE NEW YORK COACH.

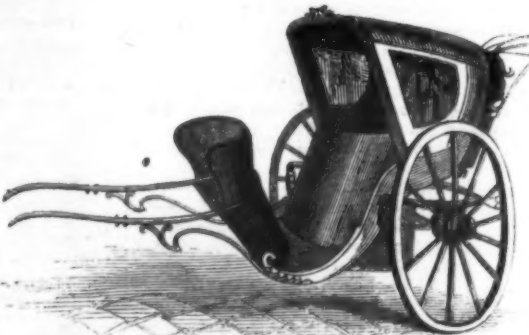
that is, you may go any distances within these bounds for a charge of thirty-seven cents in our currency. If any stoppage is made, however, the "course," as it is called, recommences. If hired by the hour the charge is sixty cents of our currency, and in hiring it is always advisable to agree with the driver whether you are to be carried by the "course," or by the hour.

One excellent regulation exists by which the driver is obliged to hand to each person engaging his cab a ticket bearing his number, so that any article left in the vehicle can be easily reclaimed, and the municipality gives, every year, a prize to the drivers who have most distinguished themselves by restoring lost property.



THE LONDON BROUGHAM.

Within the past few weeks there may have been observed in our streets some small one horse cabs, with nothing to distinguish them from private carriages, except a general air of shabbiness in the vehicles, and untidiness in the drivers. These, we are told, ply for hire, at a reduced rate of fare from the large, lumbering concerns we, in the interests of the public, have condemned. It is reported that they are set up under some recent State law, and are owned by some company. Be this as it may, we hail these conveyances as the pioneers of a new and a better system. But let us exhort the proprietors to lay aside the timid, hesitating way in which they



THE LONDON HANSON.

have come before their patrons. They need not blush for their enterprise, nor be ashamed of small beginnings. We assure them the public will welcome with enthusiasm anything in the shape of cheap and rapid means of locomotion. Let these cabs, if really for hire, have written upon them in large and legible characters that they are so. We recommend a large plate on the door, or on the back of the vehicle, bearing the number of the licence, and the name of the company, if there be one, to whom the public is so much indebted. Above all things, let us know what their fares are, and let these be as low as is



THE JOHN SMITH STONE, IN THE GROUNDS OF MR. MATO, RICHMOND, VA.

consistent with a fair return on the capital. And let them not fear that the market can be overstocked, that too many cabs can be found in the streets, or on widely distributed stands, that the drivers can be too civil, that the horses can be too good, or their carriages too clean. Let us know where complaints can be made, where they will be respectfully listened to, and prompt remedies applied. Companies are organized for the prompt deliveries of messages and parcels. Is the prompt conveyance of our bodies likely to meet with less public favor than these?

RAILROAD INCIDENT—THE METAMORPHOSIS.

WE looked towards the young lady for a concluding tale of the train, and that Scheherazade of our compartment, without the least pretence of incapacity or hoarseness, communicated at once the following adventure.

"Although," she commenced, "I am often compelled to travel without a companion" (the commercial traveller sighed), "yet have I such a dislike to the company of babies and sick folk, that I never make a journey in the ladies' carriage. Only once, however, have I suffered any inconvenience through my unprotected condition, and that exception occurred very lately, and upon this very line. After I had taken my seat one morning at Paddington, in an empty carriage, I was joined, just as the train was moving off, by a strange-looking young man, with remarkably long flowing hair. He was, of course, a little hurried, but he seemed besides to be so disturbed and wild that I was quite alarmed, for fear of his not being in his right mind, nor did his subsequent conduct at all reassure me. Our train was an express, and he inquired eagerly, at once, which was the first station whereat we were advertised to stop. I consulted my Bradshaw and furnished him with the required information. It was Reading. The young man looked at his watch.

"Madam," said he, "I have but half an hour

'by your kind and courageous conduct you have saved my life, and, perhaps, even your own.'

"In another minute he was gone, and the train was in motion. Not till the next morning did I learn from the *Times* newspaper that the gentleman on whom I had operated as haircutter had committed a forgery to an enormous amount, in London, a few hours before I met him, and that he had been tracked into the express train from Paddington; but that—although the telegraph had been put in motion and described him accurately—at Reading, when the train was searched, he was nowhere to be found."

THE JOHN SMITH STONE.

WITH the march of improvement the old landmarks of our history are being swept away one by one, and, we regret to say, that we are not a people to perpetuate them, either by preservation upon the spots of their origination or by removing them to a museum.

The illustration we give is that of the "John Smith Stone," to which an authentic legend has attached a peculiar interest, as the identical spot whereon the brave captain lay when about to be sacrificed to the ire of the great chief Powhatan, and from which fearful death he was rescued by the beautiful Pocahontas. The story is too familiar to be repeated, and we believe has never been disputed.

The stone is in grounds of Mr. Mayo, brother of the former Mayor of Richmond, and is within a mile or two of the city, and a spot that is visited by every sightseer who visits that now historical city.

THE INDIAN MESMERIST.

WHILST at Bijnore, I was seized with an attack of tic-doloureux, and suffered all its extreme agonies. One of my host's servants informed me that there was a very clever native doctor in the village, who could immediately assuage any pain—



RAILROAD INCIDENT—THE METAMORPHOSIS.

lately heard of mesmerism, he said; but, years before he heard of it, he was in the habit of curing people by assuaging their pain. The gift had been given to him soon after he attained manhood. That, with one exception, and that was in the case of a Keranee—a half-caste—no patient had ever fallen asleep, or had become beehosh (unconscious), under his gaze. "The case of the half-caste," he went on to say, "alarmed me. He fell asleep for twelve hours, snoring like a man in a state of intoxication." I was not the first European he had operated upon, he said; that in Bareilly, where he formerly lived, he had afforded relief to many officers and to several ladies. Some had toothache, some tic-doloureux, some other pains. "But," he exclaimed, energetically, "the most extraordinary case I ever had, was that of a sahib who had gone mad—'drink delirious.' His wife would not suffer him to be strapped down, and he was so violent that it took four or five other sahibs to hold him. I was sent for, and, at first, had great difficulty with him and much trembling. At last, however, I looked his eyes up, as soon as I got him to look at me, and kept him for several hours as quiet as a mouse, during which time he had no brandy, no wine, no beer; and, though he did not sleep, he had a good long rest. I stayed with him for two days, and whatever I told him to do he did immediately. He had great sorrow on his mind, poor man. Three of his children had died of fever within one short week, and he had lost much money by the failure of an agency-house in Calcutta. There was a cattle sergeant, too, an European, whom I also cured of that drinking madness by looking up his eyes."

"What do you mean by looking up his eyes?"

"Well, what I did with you; I looked up your eyes. When I got his eyes fixed on mine, he could not take them away—could not move."

"But can you look up any one's eyes in the way that you looked up mine?"

"No; not everybody's. There was an artillery captain once who defied me to look up his eyes. I tried very hard; but, instead of looking up his, he looked up mine, and I could not move till he permitted me. And there was a lady, the wife of a judge, who had pains in the head, which I could not cure, because she looked up my eyes. With her I trembled much, by straining every nerve, but it was of no use."

"Do you know any other native who has the same power that you possess?"

"Only three; but, I dare say, there may be hundreds in these provinces who have it, and who use it. And now, sahib," said the native doctor, taking from his kummbund (the cloth that encircles the waist) a bundle of papers, "I desire to show you some of my certificates, at the same time to beg of you to pardon my apparent want of respect in appearing in your presence in this skull-cap, instead of a turban; but the fact is, that when I heard you were in such great pain, I did not think it humane to delay until I had adorned myself."

I proceeded to examine, very carefully, every one of his many certificates; not that I was in any way interested in them, but because I knew it would afford him great pleasure. In all, they were quite as numerous as those which English charlatans publish in testimony of their skill in extracting corns. They were more elaborate, however; for it is by the length of a certificate that a native judges of its value—just in the same way that Partridge, when Tom Jones took him to see Hamlet, admired the character of the King, because he spoke louder than any of the company, "anybody could see that he was a king." As for myself, I sat down and covered a whole sheet of foolscap in acknowledgment of my gratitude to Mustapha Khan Bahadur, for having delivered me from unendurable torments. To my certificate I penned a cheque on the North-West Bank for one hundred rupees (fifty dollars), and presenting both documents to the doctor, permitted him to take his leave. Some months afterwards, on discovering that this cheque had not been presented for payment, I wrote to the assistant magistrate, and asked him, as a favor, to send for the native doctor, and obtain some information on the subject. In reply, I was informed that the doctor preferred keeping the cheque appended to my certificate, as an imperishable memorial of the extraordinary value in which his services had been held by an European gentleman, and that he would not part with it for ten times the amount in gold or silver. Such a strange people are the natives of India. Their cupidity is enormous, certainly, but their vanity (I am speaking of the better class) is even greater. One hundred rupees was equal to half a year's earnings of the native doctor, and



ITEMS OF TRAVEL—THE INDIAN MESMERIST.

between me and, it may be, ruin. Excuse, therefore, my abruptness. You have, I perceive, a pair of scissors in your workbag. Oblige me, if you please, by cutting off all my hair."

"Sir," said I, "it is impossible."

"Madam," he urged, and a look of severe determination crossed his features; "I am a desperate man. Beware how you refuse me what I ask. Cut my hair off—short, close to the roots—immediately; and here is a newspaper to hold the ambrosial curls."

"I thought he was mad, of course; and believing that it would be dangerous to thwart him, I cut off all his hair to the last lock."

"Now madam," said he, unlocking a small portmanteau, "you will further oblige me by looking out of window, as I am about to change my clothes."

Of course I looked out of window for a very considerable time, and when he observed, "Madam, I need no longer put you to any inconvenience," I did not recognise the young man in the least.

"Instead of his former rather gay costume, he was attired in black, and wore a gray wig and silver spectacles; he looked like a respectable divine of the Church of England, of about 64 years of age; to complete that character, he held a volume of sermons in his hand, which—they appeared so to absorb him—might have been his own."

"I do not wish to threaten you, young lady, he resumed, 'and I think, besides, that I can trust your kind face. Will you promise me not to reveal this metamorphosis until your journey's end?'"

"I will," said I, "most certainly."

"At Reading, the guard and a person in plain clothes looked into our carriage."

"You have the ticket, my love," said the young man, blandly, and looking at me as though he were my father."

"Never mind, sir; we don't want them," said the official, as he withdrew with his companion."

"I shall now leave you, madam," observed my fellow-traveller, as soon as the coast was clear;

toothache for instance—and he begged permission to bring him to see me. I consented.

The native doctor was a tall, thin Mussulman, with a lofty forehead, small black eyes, long aquiline nose, and finely chiselled mouth and chin. His hair, eyebrows and long beard were of a yellowish white or cream color. Standing before me in his skull-cap, he was about the most singular-looking person I ever beheld. His age did not exceed forty-four or forty-five years. He put several questions to me, but I was in too great pain to give him any replies. He begged of me to sit down. I obeyed him, mechanically. Seating himself in a chair immediately opposite to me, he looked very intently into my eyes. After a little while, his gaze became disagreeable, and I endeavored to turn my head aside, but I was unable to do so. I now felt that I was being mesmerised. Observing, I suppose, an expression of anxiety, if not of fear, on my features, he bade me not be alarmed. I longed to order him to cease; but, as the pain was becoming less and less acute, and as I retained my consciousness intact, I suffered him to proceed. To tell the truth, I doubt whether I could have uttered a sound. At all events, I did not make the attempt. Presently, that is to say, after two or three minutes, the pain had entirely left me, and I felt what is commonly called, all in a glow. The native doctor now removed his eyes from off mine, and inquired if I were better. My reply, which I had no difficulty in giving at once, was in the affirmative; in short, that I was completely cured. Observing that he placed his hands over his head and pressed his skull, I asked him if he were suffering.

"Yes, slightly," was his reply. "But I am so accustomed to it, it gives me but little inconvenience."

I then begged of him to explain to me how it was that he had the power to afford me such miraculous relief. That, he said, he was unable to do. He did not know. I then talked to him of mesmerism, and of the wonderful performances of Doctor Esdaile in the Calcutta hospital. He had



A SCRAP OF HISTORY—ABOUT RESURRECTIONISTS.

7

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED
TO SECURE GOOD JEWELLERY AT LOW PRICES.
100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, GOLD
PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENTS'
PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC.,

Worth \$500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to
value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are
to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform
you what you can have for \$1, and at the same time get
our Circular containing full list and particulars, also
terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and
Town in the Country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

FRANK LESLIE'S



FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS AGENTS.

WONDERFULLY STRANGE!

MADAME M. H. PERREGAULT,

Who has astonished the scientific classes of Paris and
London, has now permanently located herself at Albany,
N. Y. Madame Perregault, by the aid of her wonderful
instrument, known as the Horoscope, guarantees to
produce a life-like picture of the future husband of
the wife of the patron, together with the date of marriage,
leading traits of character, occupation, etc. This is no
humbug, as thousands of testimonials can attest. She
will send, when desired, a written guarantee that the
picture is what it purports to be. By stating age, height,
complexion, color of eyes and hair, and inclosing 50
cents, and stamped envelope, addressed to yourself,
you will receive the picture by return mail. Address
Madame M. H. PERREGAULT,
524-30 P. O. Drawer 202, Albany, N. Y.

PARLOR ORGANS.

THE HIGHEST PREMIUM, A SPECIAL GOLD
MEDAL, was awarded us by the late great FAIR of the
AMERICAN INSTITUTE, over all competitors, for the
best instruments.

A Gold Medal was awarded to CARHART, NEED-
HAM & CO., for the best laced instrument on exhibi-
tion—a most just testimonial. The award for the second
best instrument of this class was made to James M.
Pelton, exhibitor and agent of the Pelouen organ; and
the third award was given to Mason & Hamlin. "Wat-
son's Art Journal."

"I can speak of them in the highest terms."
G. W. MORGAN.
"The finest instruments of the class I ever saw."
GEO. F. BRISTOW.

"The best instruments of their class." WM. A. KING.
"The tone is incomparable, far in advance of any
other instrument of a similar kind." CHAS. FRADEL.
Illustrated Catalogues sent by mail.
CARHART, NEEDHAM & CO.,
528-10 No. 97 East 23d Street, N. Y.

Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de
VISITE, latest importations. Also, New Books and
Sporting Articles. Send for Circular.
000 PIERRE BIRON, 27 Ann St., N. Y.

The Little Joker and A FINELY COLORED
PHOTOGRAPH sent in a sealed envelope for 25 cents.
Address, Box 5,057, P. O., New York.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

MUSICAL BOXES, playing from
one to thirty-six different
tunes, and costing from \$6.50 to
\$60.00. The most complete stock ever
offered for sale in New York. Fine
ornaments for the parlor, and pleas-
ant companions for the invalid.
M. J. PAILLARD & CO., Importers
11 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York. Musical Boxes
repaired. 531-42



DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY has cured
thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding
Piles. It gives immediate relief and effects a perma-
nent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure.
For sale by all Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

Short-Hand Without a Master.
By which the method of taking down Sermons,
Lectures, Speeches, Trials, etc., may be attained in a
few hours. Fifty-first edition, WITH SUPPLEMENT.
Price 25 cents. Send orders to P. O. Box 3,410, New
York.

U. S. STEEL PEN WORKS,

FACTORY, CAMDEN, N. J.

R. ESTERBROOK & CO.,

STEEL PEN MANUFACTURERS,

WAREHOUSE, 403 Arch Street, Philadelphia,
42 John Street, New York.

Samples and Prices on Application. Lots made to Or-
der of any Pattern or Stamp required.

Caution: These Pens are of genuine American
manufacture, and equal in finish, elasticity, and fineness
of point to the best imported. They are, therefore, sure
to gain the confidence of the American public. The
fac-simile of our signature is sufficient security against
foreign imitation.

For sale at retail by all stationers throughout the
country.
R. ESTERBROOK & CO.
530-37

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Scrofula
was considered incurable until the great discovery of
Holloway's Pills and Ointment flashed upon the world.
Diseases which baffle the skill of the Medical Schools
readily yield to these peerless remedies. Scabby,
Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Itch, and all cutaneous eruptions
are curable by them.

Royal Havana Lottery.

Official Drawing of November 14th, 1865,
No. 19126.....\$100,000
No. 25225....." 50,000
No. 20085....." 25,000
No. 18121....." 10,000
No. 16319....." 5,000
No. 23307....." 5,000

Being the six capital prizes.
Prizes paid in gold. Information furnished. Highest
paid for diamonds and all kinds of gold and
silver.
TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 16 Wall St., N. Y.

B. T. HAYWARD,

208 Broadway, N. Y.,

Manufacturer of Odd Fellows, Masonic, Army, Navy,
Base Ball, Skating Club, Railroad Conductors, and
Badges of every description. I will send a sample coin
silver on the receipt of \$1.50, together with my whole-
sale Illustrated Circular.



FENIANS!

IRISHMEN,
IRISH-AMERICANS,

Friends of Freedom,

WEAR THE

IRISH LIBERTY PIN!

This splendid little emblem of the noble Brotherhood,
banded together in the holy cause of Liberty, is made
of metal, heavily fire-gilt, and is very ornamental. It
consists of the Golden Circle, and the Irish Harp
upon green silk. (Patented, and copyright secured.)
Price, 30 cents; by mail, 35 cents; 10 Clubs and the
Trade, \$2.25 per dozen, \$24 per gross. Address all
orders to
B. W. HITCHCOCK,
14, Chambers street, New York.

SERPENTS de PHARAON,

OR
SERPENTS' EGGS,

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC MIRACLE.

"Truly marvelous, and apparently inexhaustible."
Times. Wholesale and retail by OLDEN & SAWYER,
246 Canal street, New York. 50 cents a Box, free by
mail. Liberal discount to the trade. Agents wanted.

BUSINESS FOR YOU!

Positively a Money-Making Occupation!

New!—Light!—Novel!—Highly Beautiful!—Extremely
Popular!—Steady Demand!—Pays Immensely!—No
Traveling!—Can be done at Home!—A Few Cents will
Start it!—SPLendid Present!—Fine Chance for
Agents!—Men, Women, Boys and Girls send Twenty-five
Cents for Circulars, Containing Particulars, and a "Prize
Certificate," which NAMES YOUR PRESENT!

Address

THE FRANKLIN PUBLISHING CO.,

Box 1496, Philadelphia, Pa.

OFFICES, 6th and CHESTNUT STS.

300 per cent. PROFIT for AGENTS.
Three genteel articles everywhere needed, and
sell at eight. All sent, with particulars, free by mail for
35 cents. Address E. H. MARTIN, Hinsdale, N. H.

A CURIOSITY!!

Free to All. A Rare Treat.

Gentlemen, do not fail to send your address, and re-
ceive a GREAT PAPER, replete with the choicest litera-
ture. Sent gratis.
CHARLES E. MACKAY,
267 Broadway, New York.

\$1. WHISKERS. \$1.

For One Dollar I will send, sealed and
postpaid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed,
which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon
the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in
eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. En-
tire satisfaction given, or money refunded. Descriptive
Circulars mailed free. Address
P. O. Box, 216. P. L. SHULTZ, Lansingburg, N. Y.
525-37

Freckles, Tan and Pimples

REMOVED AT ONCE, BY THE USE OF "UPHAM'S
FRECKLE, TAN AND PIMPLE BANISHER." Mailed
to any address for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South
Eighth street, Philadelphia. 525-37

Over Fifty Secrets, numerous Jokes, Witty
Sayings, &c., will be found in "THE LOUNGER."
Sent free for FIVE CENTS.
Address, P. O. Box, 5,057, New York.

Asthma Cured.

Relief Guaranteed in Ten Minutes,
and a permanent cure effected by the use of "UPHAM'S
ASTHMA CURE." Cases of from ten to twenty years'
standing yield at once to its influence. Price \$2. Sent
postpaid to any address, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South
Eighth street, Phila. Circulars sent free. 525-37

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers
or Moustaches?

MY OUNGUE will force them to grow heavily in
six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or
injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post paid, to
any address on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM, 100 Nassau St., N. Y.

Curl your Hair.

One application will curl your hair into beautiful
curls and last six months; satisfaction given or money
refunded. Price 50 cents. Address M. A. JAGGERS,
Calhoun, Ill.

Look Here, Boys.

Full instructions by which any person can master the
Art of Ventriloquism and make a world of fun and a
fortune by a few hours practice. Price by mail 50 cents.
Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

The West Indian Hair Curler.

Warranted to curl the most stiff and stiff hair, on
the first application, into short ringlets or waving mas-
sive curls. Sent to any address on receipt of \$1.
Address THE HENDERTON HAIR CURLING CO.,
Box 5,251, New York Post Office.

An Album for 30 Cents!

NEW! BEAUTIFUL! CHEAP!!! EXQUISITE!!!!
A beautiful Gift Metal Album, containing four (4)
Photographs, in metal frames, and
HIGHLY PERFUMED.

Opening with a spring clasp. Sent postpaid for 30
cents. Address CALVIN WILLIS & CO., No. 167 Broad-
way, New York.

DON'T BE FOOLISH.

You can make Six Dollars from Fifty Cents. Call and
examine, an invention urgently needed by everybody.
Or a sample sent free by mail for 50 cents, that retails
easily for \$6, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square,
New York. 5291y

Superfluous Hair Removed

From all parts of the body, in five minutes, without injury
to the skin, by "UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER." Mailed
to any address for \$1.25, by S. C. UPHAM, 25
South Eighth street, Philadelphia. 525-37

JOE MILLER, JR.

A Book crammed full of Jokes, Comical Stories,
Witty Sayings, Funny Puns, Laughable Conundrums,
Humorous Poetry, &c., &c. Price 10 cents. Send orders
to P. O. Box 3,410, New York.

FRANK LESLIE'S



FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS AGENTS.

Matrimony.—Why every man should marry
Why every woman should marry. All may marry to
know. Read the Illustrated Marriage Guide and Medical
Adviser, by WM. EARL, M.D., 200 pages. Mailed in
sealed envelopes on receipt of 25 cts. Address 12 White
Street, New York.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington,
Fortress Monroe, Harper's Ferry, Newbern, Fort
Royal, and all other places, should be sent at half rates,
by HARDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 65 Broadway. Sufferers
charged low rates. 0000

Cough No More

DR. STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLOUS COUGH BAL-
SAM is warranted to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness,
Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Sore Throat, Consumption,
and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.
For sale by all 1ru gists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.
524-575

Now Ready,

FRANK LESLIE'S

Christmas Gift,

A Comic Pictorial

FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

With over 70 Illustrations and Stories. Sole Agents,
AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 and 121 Nassau
street, New York.

Book of Receipts, 40 pages, with catalogue,
free. Address BLACKIE & CO., 715 Broadway, N. Y. 1f

"The Star-Spangled Banner,"

A racy and sparkling paper, only 50 cents a year.
Clubs of ten, \$2. Specimens FREE. Address "BAN-
NER," Hinsdale, N. H. 554-7



LOCK STITCH SEWING MACHINES.

Highest Premium Gold Medal,

FAIR AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 1865.

The best in the World. They have the Reversible
Feed Motion. They have a perfect Self-Adjusting Shut-
tle Tension. They have four separate and distinct
Stitches on one and the same machine. They have
many advantages over all others.
FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
605 Broadway, New York.



The Great New England Remedy!

Dr. J. W. Poland's

WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout
the country, after having been proved
by the test of eleven years in the New
England States, where its merits have
become as well known as the tree from which, in part,
it derives its virtues. The White Pine Compound cures

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diphtheria, Bronchitis,
Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections—
generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for
Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty
of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the
Kidney and Bladder, Gravel,
and other Complaints.

For Piles and Scoury it will be found very valuable.
Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good
and tried medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by
Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor, Boston, Mass.
Burnham & Van Schaack, Chicago, Ill.; John D. Park,
Cincinnati, Ohio, General Agents for the West; Petre F.
Romero, Havana, agent for Cuba.

THE FOURTH EXHIBITION

In New York of FRENCH, ENGLISH and FLEMISH
PICTURES is open daily, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., and on
Monday and Thursday Evenings from 7 to 10, at the
STUDIO BUILDING, No. 15 Tenth street.
E. GAMBART, Director. F. J. PILGERAM, Secretary.
525-4

Agents wanted to distribute Circulars everywhere.
Address H. TABER & CO., Boston, Mass.

The Book of Wonders tells how to make
CIDER without apples or any other fruit. It also con-
tains the Hunter's Secret, how to catch Fish and all
kinds of Game; how to make all kinds of Liquors; all
kinds of Ointments and Curling Fluids; Gambling Ex-
posed; Ventriloquism Made Easy; Information of Im-
portance to Ladies; how to gain the Love of any one,
&c., &c. Sent, securely sealed, for 25 cents. Ad-
dress Box 5,057 P. O., New York. 1f

Gems from European Picture Galleries.

Fifty highly-finished Engravings on steel, after the
most celebrated old masters, in a neat portfolio, \$5.
Sent free to any address, on receipt of price.
534-6 J. W. BOUTON, 481 Broadway, New York.

Holiday Presents.—10,000 Agents wanted.—
Prints over 100 per cent. Inclose 50 cents for Sample
and Circular, to A. DUBORG, 168 Broadway, New York.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

Magnificent Sale!

Gold and Silver Watches,
Jewelry, etc., etc.

THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

The ENTIRE STOCK of one Gold and Silver Watch
Manufacture, two Immense Jewelry Establishments,
one Musical Instrument and Sewing Machine Ware-
house, one Silver Plating Warehouse, one Gold Pen and
Pencil Maker, to be disposed of with dispatch.

WITHOUT REGARD TO COST.

The Goods are of fashionable styles and most excel-
lent workmanship, and are sacrificed in this manner to
relieve the proprietors from embarrassment occasioned
by a distracting war. It should be prominently stated,
also, that they are mostly of

AMERICAN MANUFACTURE.

and therefore greatly superior to the goods imported
from abroad, besides saving all the immense duties on
importation. To facilitate the sale,

ONLY ONE DOLLAR

will be charged for any article on our list, and this sum
the purchaser need not pay until he knows what he is
to get. This plan accords with the method recently be-
come so popular for disposing of large stocks of Jewelry
and similar productions.

THE PLAN IS SIMPLE.

The name of each article offered for sale—as Gold
Hunting Watch, Gold Oval Band Bracelet, Pearl Breast-
pin and Ear Drops, Gold Enameled Ring, Silver-plated
Cake Basket, &c., is printed on a card and inclosed in a
sealed envelope; these envelopes are then placed in a
drawer and well mixed; then as an order is received,
and 25 cents for return postage and charges, one of the
cards or certificates is taken out at random and sent by
first mail to the customer, who will see at once what he
can get for ONE DOLLAR. If he is pleased with his
fortune, he can forward the money according to the di-
rections on the certificate and secure the prize. If the
article forwarded should be unsuited to the purchaser—
as for example, a set of Pearl Ear Drops and Breast-
pin to a young man who could not wear them, and had
no one to give them to—we will send any other article
from the same department of the catalogue of equal
price which may be preferred.

AGENTS WANTED throughout the Country to operate
for us. A large compensation will be paid. Send for
terms, &c., inclosing stamp. Write your Name,
Town, County and State plainly, and address

GOLDSWORTHY BROTHERS,
163 Broadway, New York.

Something New.

For Agents and Dealers to sell, 20 Novel and Useful
Articles; profits large. Send stamp for circular.
S. W. RICE & CO.,
83 Nassau street, N. Y.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MA-
TERIALS, we are headquarters for the following, viz.:
Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views.

Of these we have an immense assortment, including

VIEWS OF THE WAR.

Obtained at great expense and forming a complete
PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE GREAT UNION CONFLICT
Bull Run, Dutch Gap,
Yorktown, Pontoon Trains,
Gettysburg, Hanover Junction,
Fair Oaks, Lookout Mountain,
Savage Station, Chickahominy,
Fredericksburg, City Point,
Fairfax, Nashville,
Richmond, Petersburg,
Deep Bottom, Belle Plain,
Monitors, Chattanooga,
Fort Morgan, Atlanta,
Charleston, Mobile,
Florida, Strawberry Plains,
&c., &c.

American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statues
&c., &c. Also, Revolving Stereoscopes, for public or private
exhibition. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt
of Stamp.

Photographic Albums.

We were the first to introduce these into the United States
and we manufacture immense quantities in great variety, rang-
ing in price from 50 cents to \$50. Our ALBUMS have the repu-
tation of being superior in beauty and durability to any other.
They will be sent by mail, FREE, on receipt of price.

THE TRADE will find our Albums the most
saleable they can buy.

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.

Our Catalogue now embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different
subjects (to which additions are continually being made) of Emi-
nent Americans, &c., viz.: about
100 Maj.-Gens. 100 Lieut.-Cols. 500 Statesmen,
100 Brig. 500 other Officers, 150 Divines,
250 Colonels, 150 Navy Officers, 150 Authors,
40 Artists, 125 States, 50 Prominent Women.
Including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings,
Paintings, Statues, &c. Catalogue sent on receipt of Stamp.
An order for One Dozen Pictures from our Catalogue, will be
filled on receipt of \$1.50, and sent by mail, FREE.
Photographers and others ordering goods of E. & H. T. will please
remitt twenty-five per cent. of the amount with their order.
The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy.

Matrimony Made Easy;

Or Mysteries of Making Love fully explained, with
specimen Love Letters. Price 15 cents. Send orders
to Box 3,410 P. O., N. Y. 533-5

\$1,500 PER YEAR! We want agents every-
where to sell our IMPROVED \$20 Sewing
Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed.
Warranted five years. Above salary, or large commissions
paid. The ONLY machines sold in United States for less
than \$40, which are fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler &
Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Brother.
All other cheap machines are infringing. Circulars
free. Address, or call upon SHAW & CLARK, Bidde-
ford, Maine; or at No. 523 Broadway, New York; No. 236
Carter street, Philadelphia, Pa.; No. 14 Lombard's
Block, Chicago, Ill.; No. 170 West 4th street, Cincinnati,
O.; or No. 8 Spaulding's Exchange, Buffalo, N. Y.
534-46

View of New York; or Life in the Concert
Saloons of New York. A rich book. Just published.
Handsomely illustrated. Only 25 cents. Mailed free.
Address Post Office Box 73. HOLLAND, N. Y. 536-39

SELPH'S PATENT LEG & ARM,
516 BROADWAY.

The most perfect substitute for lost limbs ever invent-
ed. ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS. send for Pamphlet.
SOLDIERS SUPPLIED FREE by order of the SUR-
GEON GENERAL. 529-6

FRANK LESLIE'S



FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS AGENTS

**Clergymen,
Teachers,
The Press,**
Unite in saying that the new juvenile magazine

Our Young Folks

Is the best magazine for the young ever published in America. It is filled with attractive illustrations, and its articles, in prose and poetry, are by the best writers for children in the country.

It is sold at the low price of \$2 a year. Each number contains 64 pages, beautifully printed. A liberal discount to clubs. Send 20 cents for specimen copy and circular to the Publishers, **TUCKER & FIELDS**, Boston.

Make Your Own Soap!

With **B. T. BABBITT'S Pure Concentrated Potash**, or Ready Soap Maker, warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or ley in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest in the market. **B. T. BABBITT**, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, and 74 Washington street, N. Y. 528-400

Army Corps Badge Pins and Rings, of 16 carat gold, richly enameled. **BRYANT & BENTLEY**, Manufacturing Jewellers, 12 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

If you want a good Head - Hair, use **WEBSTER'S VEGETABLE HAIR INVIGORATOR**. **DEMAS BARNES & CO.**, New York, General Agents. 533-450

For Great Sale of
AMERICAN JEWELRY,
FOR THE HOLIDAYS,
Goldsworthy Bro's
Advertisement on inside page.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,
Magnifying 500 times, mailed to any address for 50 cts
Terms of different powers for \$1. Address
6060 F. B. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

Jewelry for the Holidays
See the announcement of
ARRANDALE & CO'S
GREAT SALE OF JEWELRY
for the Holidays, on inside page. Now is the time for splendid bargains.

CALEBERG & VAUPEL'S
AGRAFFE PIANOS.
101 Bleeker Street, Second Block West of Broad-
way. Warranted for Six Years.

I take pleasure in recommending
PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER to my
friends, as being among the best pain
relievers extant.
J. L. MURPHY, M. D.,
New Castle, Ohio.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.
The celebrated **CRAIG MICROSCOPE**, magnifying
about 10,000 times, an endless source of amusement and
instruction, a superb Holiday Gift, is mailed, prepaid,
for \$2 50; or, with six beautiful mounted objects, for
\$3 25; with 24 objects, \$5 50, by **HENRY CRAIG**, No.
180 Cent street, 3d floor, New York. A Liberal Dis-
count to dealers. 534-60

Shultz' Curlique, for curling the Hair.
Price by mail, 50 cents. Warranted. Address
C. F. SHULTZ, Troy, N. Y.

Whiskers and Moustaches
Forced to grow upon the
smoothest face in from
three to five weeks by
using **DR. SEVIGNE'S**
RESAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE, the most
wonderful discovery in
modern science, acting
upon the Hair and Hair
in an almost miraculous
manner. It has been used by the *Elites* of Paris and
London with the most flattering success.
The names of all purchasers will be registered, and if
entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the
money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail,
sealed and postpaid, \$1. Descriptive circulars and
testimonials mailed free. Address
BERGER, SHULTZ & CO., Chemists,
P. O. Drawer 21, Troy, N. Y.,
525-410 Sole Agents for the United States.

W. E. Shader's
NATIONAL SYSTEM
Penmanship
"Unquestionably the best work now offered to the
public." FOR SCHOOLS OR SELF-INSTRUCTION.
Send for a Circular.
D. AFFLETON & CO.,
Publishers, 443 & 445 Broadway, N. Y.
W. E. Shader's address, No. 516 Broadway, N. Y.

MRS. GENS. GRANT & SHERMAN
have both received that elegant little **FAMILY PRE-
SENT**, which is now being sent everywhere, postpaid,
for 50 cents, by **C. E. CUNARD**, No. 533 Sixth Avenue,
New York.

Ladies and Gentlemen, use the Patent **Fac-
similes**. A Pair sent by mail for 25 cents. **W. C.**
WENTZ, 675 Broadway, N. Y. Dealers and Agents,
send price for Sample and Trade List.

**A Good Album for holding Fifty Pho-
tographs**, only \$3. \$5 Albums for 50 Photographs—
metal bound. Very handsome **Fairy Albums** for 50
pictures, \$1 50; for 40 pictures, \$1 25. All Albums sent
postage paid. **W. C. WENTZ**, 675 Broadway, N. Y.



AN EYE-OPENER THAT BROTHER JONATHAN HAS PREPARED FOR JOHN BULL AND JOHNNY CHAFAUD.

The Dyspeptic.—The trial and sufferings of the
dyspeptic can only be realized by those so unfortunate
as to be afflicted with this disease, and yet how many of
them suffer and continue to suffer. Why they do this so
persistently it is impossible to tell. It may be from igno-
rance of any certain remedy, or it may be from pre-
judice against the use of patent medicine. **HOOGLAND'S**
GERMAN BITTERS has cured thousands of the worst
cases of dyspepsia, and each day adds new names to
the records of its usefulness. Give the Bitters a trial.
For sale by all druggists. They are not a whisky
drink. —*Indianapolis Gazette*.
H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist, 394 Broadway, New
York, Agent. 526-390

For Great Sale of
FRENCH JEWELRY,
(Pure Gold), see advertisement of
Bosanquet, Giraud & Co.,
on inside page.

MUSICAL BOXES.
531-430 SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON INSIDE PAGE.

TO CURE
Diseases of the STOMACH and KIDNEYS, RHEUMA-
TISM, DROPSY, GOUT, GRAVEL and Disorders arising
from excesses, use
SMOLANDER'S
Extract Bucku.
Price ONE DOLLAR. Agents for the South and West,
D. BARNES & CO., New York; and **BARNES, WARD**
& CO., New Orleans. **BURLEIGH & ROGERS**, Boston,
Mass., General Agents. 535-470

ITCH! SALT
ITCH! RHEUM!
Cured by **REIDE'S CRIMBEAN OINTMENT**. Price 35
cents. Send 45 cents to **BURLEIGH & ROGERS**,
Boston, Mass., and get a box by mail. 535-470

Ivory and Pearl Sleeve Buttons
And **JEWELRY** for the Holidays. A new and rich
assortment of the latest French styles. Sleeve Buttons
from \$1 to \$3; Jewelry from \$3 to \$15; Belt Buckles,
\$1 50 to \$4. Also a fine assortment of Tooth Brushes,
wholesale and retail. **WM. M. WELLING**, Importer
and Manufacturer, 671 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan
Hotel. 536-70

Allen's Lung Balm causes the Lungs to
throw off the matter that is collected over the air-cells,
and makes the patient breathe more freely and purifies
the blood, gives strength to the body, and tone to the
digestive organs, heals the irritated parts, and gives life
and health to the system.
For sale by Dealers in Family Medicine generally.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!
"A Scientific Wonder."
EUROPEAN POCKET
TIME-KEEPER,
One Dollar Each.
(Patent applied for June 29th 1885.)

As **EXACT** and **RELIABLE** POCKET TIME-KEEPER for
Ladies or Gentlemen, a Beautiful and Useful Present
for the coming HOLIDAYS. A decidedly unique and
wonderful novelty. Correctly constructed on the most
approved SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and warranted to
DEMONSTRATE SOLAR TIME with absolute certainty and the
utmost precision. More truthful than the most costly
and elaborate Time-keeper of modern manufacture.
It never can be wrong. "It requires no key," or wind-
ing up. Never runs down; and can never be too
fast or too slow. Correct in all climates. It is a most
remarkable article. Approved by the *Press*. Intro-
duced into this country from Europe, where it is also
legally protected by "Royal Letters Patent." Price for a
single one, with plain or fancy White Dial, in Gold
or Silver-Gilt Case, only \$1. Sent, postage paid, to
any part of the country, on receipt of price. Safe
delivery guaranteed. All orders must be addressed to
J. W. DELAMERE & CO., Sole Proprietors,
204 and 206 Broadway, N. Y.

Vineland Lands.
Large and thriving settlements, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich
soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty and fifty acre tracts at from \$25 to
\$36 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools
and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The
beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will
be sent free. Address **CHAR. K. LANDIS**, Vineland Post Office, Landis Township, New Jersey.
From Report of **SOLOMON HORTON**, Agricultural Editor of the *Tribune*.
"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant
farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairie."

UNION ADAMS,
HOSIER, GLOVER,
AND
SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

Great Attraction!
GOLD AND SILVER
HOLIDAY GIFTS.
\$1,000,000 Worth

Watches, Jewelry, and Silver-ware,
To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each without regard
to value, not to be paid for until you know what you are
to receive:
100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches.....each \$125
500 Silver Watches.....each \$30 to 35
10,000 Gold Pens and Silver Case.....each \$ 5 to 8
And a large assortment of Jewelry and Silver-ware.
The method of disposing of these goods at ONE DOLLAR
each is as follows:
Certificates naming each article and its value are
placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of
these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on
receipt of 25 cents—5 for \$1; 11 for \$2; 30 for \$5.
Agents wanted to whom we offer special terms and
premiums. Address
A. H. ROWEN & CO.,
No. 36 Beekman st., P. O. Box 4270, N. Y.

BEAUTY!
AUBURN, GOLDEN,
FLAXEN AND SILK-
EN CURLS produced
by the use of Prof. De
BREVUX'S **FRISER LE**
CHEVEUX. One ap-
plication warranted to
curl the most straight
and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets or
heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashion-
ables of Paris and London with the most gratifying
results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail,
sealed and postpaid, \$1. Descriptive circulars mailed
free. Address
BERGER, SHULTZ & CO., Chemists,
P. O. Drawer 21, Troy, N. Y.,
525-410 Sole Agents for the United States.

To Consumptives.
THE ADVERTISER, having been restored to health
in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having
suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and
that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make
known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.
To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the pre-
scription used (free of charge), with the directions for
preparing and using the same, which they will find a
SURE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS,
&c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the
Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread in-
formation which he conceives to be invaluable; and he
hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost
them nothing, and may prove a blessing.
Parties wishing the prescription will please address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburg, Kings County, N. Y.

English Magazines, Periodicals and
Newspapers.
WILMER & ROGERS,
47 NASSAU STREET, New York (Established 1844),
supply, on subscription, every Magazine, Periodical and
Newspaper published in Great Britain, or on the Con-
tinent of Europe. Price list for 1886 now ready.
523-50

To all wanting Farms.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY HERALD.

PRICE ONLY \$2 PER ANNUM!

A Live Newspaper.
A Family Friend.
A Pantheon of Art.
A Manual of Science.
A Treasury of Wit.
A Repertory of Anecdote.
A Fashionable Mirror.
A Cautious Censor.
A Sound Adviser.

Only \$2 A Year!!

Take It!
Read It!
Judge for Yourself!

It Will Make You Merry and It
Will Make You Wise.

For Interesting Stories,
Choice Poetry,
Humorous Selections,
Valuable General Reading,
It is Peerless Amongst Newspapers.

Anxiously Looked For.
Gladly Welcomed.
Eagerly Devoured.

It is a Weekly Family Joy.
It Smooths the Temper,
Promotes Cheerfulness,
Insures Harmony,

And Makes Things Pleasant All
Round.

Only Two Dollars A Year

FOR THIS MARVEL OF LITERARY AND JOUR-
NALISTIC ENTERPRISE.

TO COMMENCE THE GREAT
\$1,000
Prize Story.

ARNOLD'S CHOICE;

Pure Gold.

By MARGARET LEE.

A YOUNG NEW YORK LADY—HER FIRST EFFORT.

YOU MUST SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE!!

Address
NEW YORK WEEKLY HERALD,
New York City.